



Welcome to the 'Daf's going to be home again inside of a week issue' of MAGUS! This one is sort of tricky to put together. Don called Saturday and said that FB will be 12 pages, but that it wasn't in the mail yet. So, I set up two FBLs. One in case FB arrived late, and this one. This one does not include a page number for the rules to my new wrestling game. Even so, four are signed up...two openings left.

This month's offering looks a bit like this...

EXIT STAGE LEFT	(The afterward)	page 1
PATTER	(the magician expounds)	page 2
PRESTIDIGITATION	(what's going on around Dpt)	page 3
OTHER ESCAPES	(Science Fiction)	page 5
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INTERMISSION	(WoodyCon by Lucky Lindy)	page 26
FIAT BELLIUM	(Don Williams' subzine)	page 28
STRANGE DOINGS	(Mike Mazzer's subzine)	page 40
HARE OF THE DOG	(Daf's MAGUS subzine)	page 43

The standby lists: Mark Kellner, John Huestis, John Cram, Don Williams, Jim Keane, Jim Bob Burgess, Chris Ferrier, Mark Howorth, Melinda Ann Holley, Dan McCauley, Tom Hurst, and Mike Pustilnik.

A motley crew if I've ever seen one (and I've seen a few in my time!), but thanks to them all. If you want on or off Daf's Motley Crew, just let us know. If you are called on for standby orders, you will get the issue free for which you send the orders, whether they are used or not. We need standbys, so please join Daf's Motley Crew.

MAGUS can be obtained through the inferior method of paying us, Steve and Daf Langley, \$10.00 for 10 issues, or through the far superior method of writing for these pages. We pay for all submissions used with sub credits. The zine comes out once a month, with it's mailing date set to be the Thursday following the ZAT. The ZAT for all games in MAGUS that we BM is the Friday following the first Monday of the month. ZAT is the phone deadline, the mail deadline is that Saturday.

For those of you who have been keeping track, the covers of MAGUS have been a sort of conundrum since issue #51. The conundrum continues with no solutions to date. The first one or ones to solve the puzzle will get a free issue of MAGUS and their names listed. (Hey, how big time can you get?) This month, Mark Howorth revealed some amazing (and totally fortuitous) facts about the recent MAGUS covers. No, Mark, you don't have the solution either.

Mike Mazzer is back with Strange Doings this month, and a welcome sight he is too. Don Williams managed to get FB in on time, even if he did delay my game. Five month's between seasons now! The 'Thump 'n Grunt' rules next month, when FB will be down to its slim trim eight pages.

This issue of MAGUS to Mike Pustilnik for standby orders, and three issues of MAGUS to Linda Courtemanche for her review of WoodyCon. Remember, you too can get free issues of MAGUS by simply writing us an article or review or story or ... The mind boggles at the possibilities. (... Bjo Trimble)



I'm sitting here, the printer is pounding out each character twice, and I'm trying to think of a way to tell you how good it feels to know that you care. Daf has received cards and letters and calls. So have I. I wonder, are people this nice everywhere? It seems a contradiction, but the most honest and caring people I know are linked primarily by a game that gives practice to our "darker sides". I guess Dip doesn't really warp us after all.

There are so many of you. Old friends and people we know only through an occasional zine, mostly through MAGUS, and a few we don't really know at all. I've never been this far behind in my correspondence; at least not since I was

writing to Daf. I may have to take a day and just write letters. It isn't as though I don't have the stamps. But no, between MAGUS and Daf there is too little time and too much to do. I will find the time for some of you soon, and none of you too terribly late. I really hope to tell each of you how much help your support has been to us.

Daf will be here in Sacramento by the time you read this. You may want to read 'Hare of the Dog'. I am no longer crazy. I really never thought would lose my mind. I still don't think I ultimately will, of course. I never thought I would have my mind paralyzed as it was. There was a while when I could only feel. Thought just didn't occur very much. Some fear, heavy at first, and later incredible elation. It took nearly a week for me to think clearly at all. Luckily, I spent the week in a hospital, with Daf, and I got partly over it. About a week ago, I woke up truly clear headed for a change. I've been fairly normal since. I suppose it was shock. I've been in shock before and I didn't lose thought, but I've never been that frightened before. So, maybe it was shock. I'm glad it's over. I talked with lots of you while I was feeling so disconnected, and each time you brought me out of it, for a while, finally, completely. So, thank you all, for your love and support and prayers and thoughts and good wishes and ...

Let's see. Do me a favor, please. I'd like to know if MAGUS is the right size for MAGUS, or too large (you can forget about too small) for you, or what. I keep finding stuff to push up the page count and Dan does too. Are we going too far? Should I kick him out? Ooops, sorry Dan. If you read all of MAGUS, or just parts, I'd appreciate knowing about it. If you tell me, I'll publish the concensus and we can talk about it. Just drop me a note with your orders if you play, or just a note if you don't play. Thanks.

I'm opening signups for 'Thump 'n Grunt', my new PBM wrestling game. I've drafted Kathy and Dob; McBruce and Tom Hise have volunteered. The rules will be published next month. I had to pull them to keep this down to two ounces. I have not come up with a sure winning strategy for the game, but then my 'Titus' and 'United' results are not all that hot either. I'm hoping a couple of you will show me how to play the game.

Real world news: Jim Burgess and his bride, Charlotte were wed on April 27th. Congratulations and much happiness to both of you in your life together.

Diplomacy World News: Kathy Byrne, for various personal reasons has stepped down as the general editor (or whatever her title was...her job was to get material for the zine) of Diplomacy World. Kathy did a fantastic job and she will be missed!!!

Dan Stafford\1637 Hampton Knoll\Akron, OH\44313-4840
Small update on the Marco Poll. Dan has added the 'Best Writer' category back into the ballot, top five places, and 'Best GM', top three places. If you have already voted, Dan is prepared to accept second ballots. If not, update your ballot and get it to him by June 6th, 1986.

Small update on the Freshman Zine Poll. By popular demand TNFH will be on the ballot, despite my close connection to the zine. After looking at the votes for it so far, it seems to be doing about as well as it deserves, so I don't think there will be a conflict of interest scandal.

Bill Quinn\301 Conroe Dr.\Conroe TX\77301 is still the BNC. Steve Heinowski\12034 Pyle BA\Oberlin, OH\44074
Bill has selected Steve Heinowski as his apprentice BNC. Steve has taken to the job by starting a project to find all of the unfinished games currently listed in the BNC rolls.

Lee Kendter\4347 Benner St.\Philadelphia, PA\19135 is the MNC. Lee is not looking for apprentices, but would like it if some Cons kicked in some scratch to help support the service. Unlike the BNC, the MNC does not accept donations from individuals, only conventions.

Fred Hyatt\60 Grandview Place\Montclair, NJ\07403-2422 will be the MNC as of June 1, 1986. Lee Kendter is passing along a thoroughly cleaned up set of information. Our thanks to Lee, and don't forget about the donations.

Steve Knight\732 Grand Ave. B #302\Minneapolis, MN\55408 is the American half of a rather unique service. If you would like to sub to a European (United Kingdom, et al) Zine, and the exchange rates are too much of a hassle, you can send dollars to Steve, and he will arrange the details.

Simon Billenness\61A Park Avenue\Albany\NY 12202\USA has started up an American Zine Bank and a quarterly zine register. He needs copies of zines for passing along to novices, and information about zines for the register. The register sells for \$1.50 a copy (or trades... all for all).

Date this summer - place decided - KINGCON (aka COCHISECON) Steve and Linda Courtemanche live in King of Prussia, PA and will be holding a con when they get their household together. Courtemanche\1021 Penn Circle #E402\King of Prussia, PA\19406 Write the Courtemanchi and pin them down for details.

June 20 - 23 is ATLANTICON Trenton State College in New Jersey is all I know. If any of you have more information, please send it along.

PRESTIDIGITATION

MAGUS page 4

May 31 - June 1 is MichiCon '86

For information, write: Metro Gamers\MichiCon '86 Game Fest\ P.O. Box 656\Wyandotte, MI\48192\ The Con will be held in the Southfield Civic Center.

May 30 - June 1, 1986 is DIPCON.

This is the annual event to determine the top FTF dipper in and out of Dipdom. For more information, send an SASE to Ken Peel\8708 First Ave., #T-2\Silver Springs, MD\20910 PJGIV/3121 E. Park Row, #165/Arlington, TX/76010

July 4 - 7 is Pudgecon IV (V?)

This is the big one! Half way between Sacramento and Flushing is the perfect place for a party, and Bob Olsen hosts a great party. Daf and I plan to see you there!

July 3 - 6 is MADLADCON.

This is the annual MADLAD party, held this year in the home of Marc and Debbi Peters and Dale Bakken. 1814 Cameron Dr. #3, Madison, WI 53711. They claim that they are going to party!! Larry Peery\c/o Institute for Diplomatic Studies\ Box 8416\San Diego, CA\92102 (619-280-2239) publishes The Black and Blue Book, a fairly comprehensive listing of Dippers and related materials. TBBB sells for \$5.00.

Larry Peery is also publishing Pontevedria, Ziamvia and Barataria (all ex-Rod Walker publications) all free for an SASE. (Games opening information)

July 31 - 3 August is Peericon IV

For information, write to (you guessed it) Larry Peery. Fred Davis is this year's guest of honor, so there will be enforced early bed times for all participants.

December 6 - 7 is Beethovencon IV

This is an informal gathering of gamers to celebrate the music of Beethoven. Of special interest to Conrad von Metzke.

Larry Peery (him again?) has put DW on this schedule:

DW 43	July 15	material to DW by	July 1
DW 44	October 15		October 1
DW 45	January 15		January 1

Material for print is still an important need! Don't worry about the subject matter. Write something and send it to Larry, Ken Peel, J.R. Baker, Bruce McIntyre, Mark Berch (S&T), or whoever.

Jim Burgess\100 Holden St., 3rd Flr Lft\Providence, RI\02908
Scott Hanson\3508 4th Ave S.\Minneapolis, MN\55408

Steve Langley\2296 Eden Roc Lane #1\Sacramento, CA\95825

These three are the Orphan Game Custodians. If you are in a game that is in trouble, or can give a home to a game that is in trouble, drop any one of us a line. Try to include the names and addresses of the other players and the GM, okay?

If you have an announcement that belongs here, send it in. If you know of a Con, or a proposed Hobby service, or an award or poll that needs a plug, get the word on in to MAGUS and let PRESTIDIGITATION disseminate it for all of us.

Bob Olsen observed that most of us seem to have Science Fiction in common. I suppose that most of you know that Dipdom is a Science Fiction Fandom offspring. Boardman and his band of gamers were all Fans before they became Dippers, and all remained Fans after they passed on out of Dipdom. So it is no real wonder that many of us also are Science Fiction prone, although most of us did not come into Dipdom through any association with Fandom.

Many of us have dual citizenship, as it were, belonging to both groups, and possibly not even realizing that there are others with similar characteristics. How many of you, I wonder, have read a fanzine? How many of you have heard of Shaggy? Shangri-l'affairs (I no longer know how to spell it for sure, and I edited the beast for just over a year.) Shaggy is the house organ of the LASFS (the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society). I am still a member of LASFS. It is a sort of until death releases you membership.

Bob also observed that, if Peter JGIV is correct in his thesis that all Dipzines need a slant or theme, then it is a wonder indeed that there are no Science Fiction Dipzines. He's right, it is a wonder. And with that to start, and an unusually long (for me, long...despite being a Taurus I'm really very impulsive) bit of deliberation, I decided to use OTHER ESCAPES as a kickoff for some sort of Science Fiction interest group. I hope that some of you will be interested enough to comment, write short articles or reviews, or whatever seems appropriate.

By way of example, and to help fill this otherwise empty half page, I'd like to tell you all about Paul O. Williams and his excellent 'The Pelbar Cycle'. So far the cycle is a series of seven books. Bob Olsen gets credit for this too, he told me of them. They are set in the period a millennium after the "Time of Fire". The remnants of the human race are bringing themselves back up out of the stone ages while being exposed to bits and pieces of ancient technology. Anyone could have written the premise. But Williams develops a world, mostly empty, but with enclaves of people with perfectly natural if unusual (and sometimes rather bizarre) societies. He shows how different societies will change when they interact. He writes about people rather than events. For all of that, the stories are adventures as well as stories of personal growth for the characters. They will read best if read in the order written. 'The Breaking of Northwall', pits a peaceful, if powerfully defended, women dominated city against a flotilla of river pirates who have rediscovered that sulfur, carbon and saltpeter will explode. 'The Ends of the Circle' concerns a trek from the Heart (Mississippi) nearly to the western sea and back. 'The Dome in the Forest' introduces some people who maintained a shelter in the midst of a radioactive dead zone, never knowing that just over their horizon was new life. 'The Fall of the Shell' shows what happens when a rigidly conservative society is faced with inevitable change. 'An Ambush of Shadows' reintroduces the trekkers from book two when they are older, with children and crossed purposes. It brings steam power to the Pelbar, and one man destroys an entire society to rescue his daughter. 'The Song of the Axe' treks again, introducing hints of psychic powers. I haven't read 'The Sword of Fulcrum'.

VOLUNTEERS

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Responding to this month's questions are (Faz) Mark Fassie, (DW) Don Williams, (MH) Mark Howorth, (BO) Bob Olsen, (MH) Melinda Holley, (JC) John Caruso, (KB), Kathy Byrne, (LL) Lucky Lindy Courtemanche, (SC) Steve Courtemanche, and (SL) Steve Langley

Don Williams has some earlier answers:

I return the book.

I'm a Virgo, close to the Leo cusp. Do I believe it means anything? Well, Virgos are perfectionists who like to sweat the details. They prefer working behind the scenes, rather than on the stage, and they're allegedly the most faithful of all signs. One out of three ain't bad--but, no, I don't think it (the Zodiac) tells a thing.

I prefer Books written in English. With lots of verbs and nouns. And adjectives. Number and tense agreement are nice, too, but not really necessary.

My tastes are very wide-ranging, running all the way from the poetry of John Donne and Wallace Stevens to the popular fiction of Stephen King and Joseph Heller. Mostly I read science-fiction and/or fantasy, for light reading. Favorites here include: John Varley, Fred Pohl, Stephen Donaldson, Phil Farmer, Niven and Pournelle combos, Sam Delaney and Roger Zelazney.

King is the only horror story writer I read, but I've read everything he's ever written and he's beginning to wear thin. I also like Wm Buckley's fiction (the Blackford Oakes series), as well as the craziness of Joseph Heller. Rather than go on and on, how about I just list a few of my all-time favorite reads? The Day of the Jackal, Catch 22, Heart of Darkness, Salem's Lot, both Thomas Covenant trilogies, A Canticle for Liebowitz, most of Shakespeare, The Beast in the Jungle... I'd better stop here. Eclecticism does not make for easy listing. (Ooch, I forgot about Orwell's 1984 and Animal Farm, and Golding's Lord of the Flies, and...)

Have I ever had a psychic experience? Yes. Her name was Lola and she was a blonde... (Why do I always have to do that? Go for the cheap laugh, the quick thrill? Sigh...)

Yes, I do believe I've had more than a few so far in my life, but of two very different types. I don't know how many times I've had the funny feeling that something I am doing is something I have done--exactly the same--before. Specifically this feeling comes upon me strongly when I am talking or arguing with another person. I choose to believe that our subconscious minds are, for the most part, decidedly undeveloped, but capable of occasionally imparting some kind of precognition to us, especially in the form of dreams. I seldom remember my dreams upon awakening, but am convinced that some of the things I've experienced as *deja-vu* have come to me first in REM sleep. (I also predict expect that most of the people who answer yes to this question will have had similar experiences as I think they are more or less "common".

The other kind of experience has happened to me once, about ten years ago, when I was in Italy. One day, as I was walking away from the main piazza of the small town I lived in, I got a very funny--funny scary, y'know?--feeling as I went down this tiny, cobble-stoned side-street. The street was very old, and the buildings crowded it on either side. (very old buildings from the 16th century). Anyway, as I rounded a sharply arcing part of the street, I suddenly felt...shifted? I was on the street, and dozens of people dressed in antique

costume were there too. There were several horses, and, worst of all, a wagon drawn by two more horses was headed at me down the middle of the street.

The glimpse was over in a second, but not before I found myself backed against the wall of a nearby building. Scared stiff. I can't remember specifics, but I do remember that the "vision" occurred in daylight, and that the whole street seemed "newer". I had been walking in the dusk, and the street had been deserted.

I didn't stay off the street after that, but it never happened again. But, and I am serious, I always felt that I somehow belonged on that street, in that area of town...the sense of *deja vu* there was constant and reassuring.

I've told this story to very few people--for obvious reasons--but it's true; it changed the way I thought about things ever since. As Hamlet said to Horatio, "There are more things between heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Believe it.

1. How do you feel about our chances of going to war with Libya?

(Faz) We may go to war with those jokers (witness the Barbary Pirates in the early 1800s), but I doubt it. Public opinion would demand either a short war with minimum casualties (and we wouldn't get that in Libya unless internal forces rebelled against Mo and booted him out), or the left-wing crybabies would raise Vietnam's dead carcass up again like some sacrificial offering to whomever, and that would squelch any plans to have a war. I don't know how to answer this question, really. I mean, wars are NOT cool, but when you have international terrorists who will kill you just because you are an American, sometimes you have no alternative but to fight. I mean, we went to war 120 years ago in part for the rights of black men to be free; we fought World War I to make the world "safe for democracy;" and re-did that mistake 25 years later. And now we face shadow killers of women and children. If we don't go to war, then we better do something to keep this threat subsided. But to answer the question directly, do I think we'll go to war with Libya? No--they're not worth the effort, at least not at the present. Nicaragua, maybe, in another couple years. But Libya--doubtful.

(DW) I have an extremely difficult I (sic) support war, any any time, any where. I think that the possibility of this escalating are slim, and I'm happy about that.

On the other hand, I guess I supported this particular action. It seems Europe has slipped back into its policy of appeasement. Europe is a has been that really only counts on the world scene because of American support. Very short memory over there, it seems to me.

I'm caught in this particular situation, though. Terrorism is a war of the weak against the strong. How will a military attack stop that? But, when someone (Kaddafi) says, "We will continue to kill Americans, and I implore others to follow suit", and then begins to do so, well, something has to be done.

Ultimately, diplomacy is the key; work on the sense of terrorism, not the symptoms. Glad it's not up to me, though.

I'm a lot more ambivalent on this than I care to admit. Morally, I find myself against the possible war. Ethically, well, appeasement won't work either. Restraint has its cost,

but so would more military action.

(MH) War with Libya? Were we at "war" with Vietnam? Not officially so, but let's assume, for argument's sake, that that counts as a "war". I doubt that we will ever reach a situation where American soldiers are running (and dying) up Libyan beaches. There is a good reason for thinking this, and that is that the population is only 3 million and the majority of the population live on the coastal rim. If we want to "deter" Libya, we will do so from the air and from off the coast, much like in our Lebanon situation. I don't think that would be called "war". I also have a problem trying to find some apparent goal that we can achieve by "punishing" Libya.

(BO) Depends on what you mean by this. Libya is and has been at war with us (and most of the civilized world as well) for some time. After all that's how such matters are done nowadays, through terrorism and clandestinely. It's not even a matter so much of cowardice and mental derangement as it is practicality. Libya has no national case to make to influence the US to its point of view (leave Israel to be destroyed, declare the US an Islamic republic run by raving lunatics, etc.) and certainly can't compete militarily. And besides, terrorism works.

Will the US declare war? Certainly not. Do another raid? Very probably not. After all, our appeasing European friends didn't like it much. As the days go by after the raid though it becomes more and more apparent that the protests by the Europeans and Russians and so on were more for show than anything. Probably in the end nothing will change a whole lot.

(MH) We are at war with Libya. As long as Libya continues to supply terrorists & send them against the US, a state of war will exist. The only difference is that the US, at last, is fighting back.

(JC) I'm not sure if you asked (typed) this question before or after Rambo Ronnie attacked Libya. // I do not feel that we will hit them again, as soon as they conduct another successful terrorist attack. NOTE - by going to war - I define as meaning attacking via land, sea, air; invading and conquering or being conquered. And having Congress vote and pass an official declaration of war. The Congress may surprise us all here and do just that. As far as I'm concerned, we are at war with all terrorist regimes. Terrorism is an action of warring parties. And as long as Libya (re - Khadafy) insists on attacking innocent Americans with terrorist acts, or sponsoring terrorist acts vs US, we should deal with him in like terms. We've seen where negotiations, patience, & world law & order have gotten us. Our sanctions didn't work either, & neither did the threat of our overall power (Gulf of Sidra engagement). Besides, Khadafy has shown his real colors right after the attack. Rather than saying - Ok America, lets talk, he called for all terrorists to attack all Americans wherever they are, & slay their children before their eyes, then slay them. And his actions - the murdering of three kidnapped victims - 2 Britons and 1 American, on his say so. Khadafy has no desire to live in peace with the rest of the world. My feelings are this - if we bomb them enough, his own people will overthrow him. What might be a better question is "how do you feel about the attack on Libya?" Or something along those lines with followups. I'm sure many people have a lot to say. Including me!

(KB) Khadafy pushed & pushed & pushed. Finally, we decided to retaliate. My opinion is that we should've hit Libya a lot sooner & a lot harder. As far as I'm concerned we've been at war with Libya for quite a while. I think we feared to act sooner because we were trying to pacify the Soviet Union. I hate to say it, but this was a mistake. By allowing Khadafy's terrorist attacks to go unanswered we encouraged him to believe he could get away with murder. The U.S. had no choice, but to show Khadafy that we will not allow him & his people to kill innocent citizens. Our air raid was a necessity, someone has to put Libya in its place.

(LL) Our chances of going to war with Libya depend on several factors: (1) Will Khadafy react to our bombing by arranging more terrorism, or will he back down? (2) Will Reagan keep egging Khadafy on (as he did in the Gulf of Sidra)? (3) Will the rest of the world support the actions of the U.S. or those of Libya, and what forms will that support take? I must say I am surprised at the amount of support Reagan's Tripoli and Benghazi bombings had from Congressional liberals, considering how ineffectual that one night of bombing really was! At any rate, I reserve my judgement until I see what happens next. Certainly I hope there will be no more terrorism, especially since my parents are off to England this summer.

(SC) I really do not think that Ronald Reagan will get us into a war with Libya. The Colonel is crazy but too smart to do something that will give our President cause to declare war. Kaddafi and his advisors know that they could not win a fight against a united effort by this country. So, the Colonel will continue his terror campaigns but will not be so crass as to publically say that he is behind them. What I find strange is that he is getting so much sympathy. I guess that it is because everyone knows that the U.S. won't attack another nation that just voices its displeasure while Kaddafi might send a "hit squad" to your neighborhood if you (as a nation) speak ill about him.

(SL) As those of you who have listened to me rave on about what an injustice our invasion of Grenada was may expect, I am against a war with any small power (or large power for that matter). I wrote this question between the Gulf of Sidra show and the air raid. I didn't think there was too much chance of our doing anything more than flexing our muscle, as in the Gulf of Sidra. I was wrong. I wish I weren't.

Terrorism is just as simple as street mugging. Someone with a gun or a knife attacks someone else a lot smaller and weaker than they are and rips them off. What we did to Libya is terrorism escalated to some sort of obscene length. Sure they kill women and babies by the ones and twos. So we kill them by the tens and twenties. All this shows is that we have bigger guns than they do, not that we are in any way superior.

Okay, so I disapprove. So what is the answer? Carter, in an unpublicized communique to Khadaffi told him that if he accepted any more high-jacked planes in Libya that all of our and all of the airports of those of our allies that agreed to the sanction would be closed to all Libyan planes. France went along with that move, by the way. There has not been a high-jack with Libya as its destination since. The point is that the right sort of sanctions can stop people like Khadaffi. How about trying for an agreement amongst our allies that all Libyan Nationals will be deported if there is a Libyan supported act of terrorism? That is the sort of non-violent sanction that would do something. The U.N. UN

we can bomb anyone into submission, or revolt, has got to be disproved by now. As Isaac Azimov said (once or twice), "Violence is the last resort of the incompetent."

On the other hand, how many terrorist acts have you read about lately? Other than the angry reaction of murdering the three hostages? I don't think there has been this long a period of Libyan inaction in a long time. Of course, they may merely be setting up tighter security, so that we can't know for sure who is behind the next bombing. What do you think?

2. What did you want to be when you were a child?

(Faz) I always wanted to be a soldier. I can remember watching (you may all snicker here) John Wayne on my brother's knee when I was 3 or 4 years old, and thinking about how dashing it all seemed. Then after 2 years of that "dashing stuff" in the real Army, I saw both sides! But I've never wanted to be anything but either (a) a soldier, or (b) an astronomer, for I love the cosmos, and would watch the skies for hours in the late Pennsylvania summer evenings, just admiring God's light show. It almost swung me over to astronomy, but as I have the mathematical skills of a canteenoup, I decided to join the military, where such mental skills are...ahem...anyway, it's been a dream accomplished, as far as I'm concerned, and it's one that needs done, methinks.

(I am kidding about the mental skills thing; I don't want to offend any GIs that might be reading this, or to slight the Services. I think rather highly of them ((obviously, as I am one!)), and I just want to keep the record straight.)

(DW) Oh, the usual I guess. For short periods of time I wanted variously to be a fireman, a policeman, a football player. In high school, I began to harbor ideas about being a writer, a Foreign Service diplomat or a lawyer.

If any one thing goes back to childhood though, it would be the writing. It's always been there, and I will never consider myself as being true to self if I don't go as far as having a novel or two rejected by a publisher.

I'm also very happy being a planner at this point, something I'd never considered as a career option. It's rewarding and frustrating - and we're always the underdog.

(MH) A fireman, a doctor, Spider-man, a photographer, a chemist, Spider-man, a doctor, Spider-man, a lawyer, a doctor, Dictator-of-the-World, a doctor, a business man, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board.

(BO) I don't particularly remember wanting to be a fireman or a policeman or a hamster furrier or any of the normal ambitions of early childhood. I was always heavily into science and SF and so on and through my teens I thought I'd like to be an astronomer. Then when I got to college and found out you need a Ph.D. to get a job in that field I dropped that almost instantly. Just as well; I couldn't have handled the math and physics at that level.

(MI) My first ambition was to be a teacher. I idealized my 1st grade teacher, Mrs. Riddle, & wanted to be just like her. I found out later that I didn't possess the patience required to teach.

(JC) When I was a child, I wanted to become an adult. I couldn't wait to get out of school - and get a job. Now? Now I wish I was back in school. I pretty much have what I

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Players

Randy Ellis	8310 Grandview Lane, Overland Park, KS 66212
Jeff Martin	2129 Franklin Ave, Las Vegas, NV 89104
Mike Pustilnik	140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201
Jim Burgess	100 Holden St., 3rd Flr Lft, Providence, RI 02908
John Huestis	4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682

Seasons are separated due to player request. The FIRE drew failed to pass.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Autumn 1917

AUS A Ruh R BUR, A Sev R RUM
 RUS A War R SIL

1982 CH The Alien's Game Winter 1917

AUS (Randy 15) builds A BUD; also has A BUR, A RUM, A UKR, A TRI, A PIE, A BRE, A BER, A WAR, A GAL, F SPA(ec), A PRU, F SMY, F BUL(ec), A MUN
 ENG (Jeff 8) even; has A KIE, F DEN, F BAL, F MID, F ENG, A PAR, F BEL, F BOT
 FRA (Mike 1) even; has F POR
 ITA (Jim 3) even; has F AEG, F NAF, F WEB
 RUS (John 7) removes A Arm; retains A SIL, A SEV, A RUH, F CON, F ANK, A MOS, A LYN

1982 CH The Aliens' Game ZAT for Spring 1918 will be June 6, 1986.

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Press:

LINDY to BOOB: Poor Boob, all alone in the press last month! You must have felt like an orphan (!).
 GM to LINDY: And you must feel as if you came calling when no one was home.

VOLUNTEERS continued from page 10

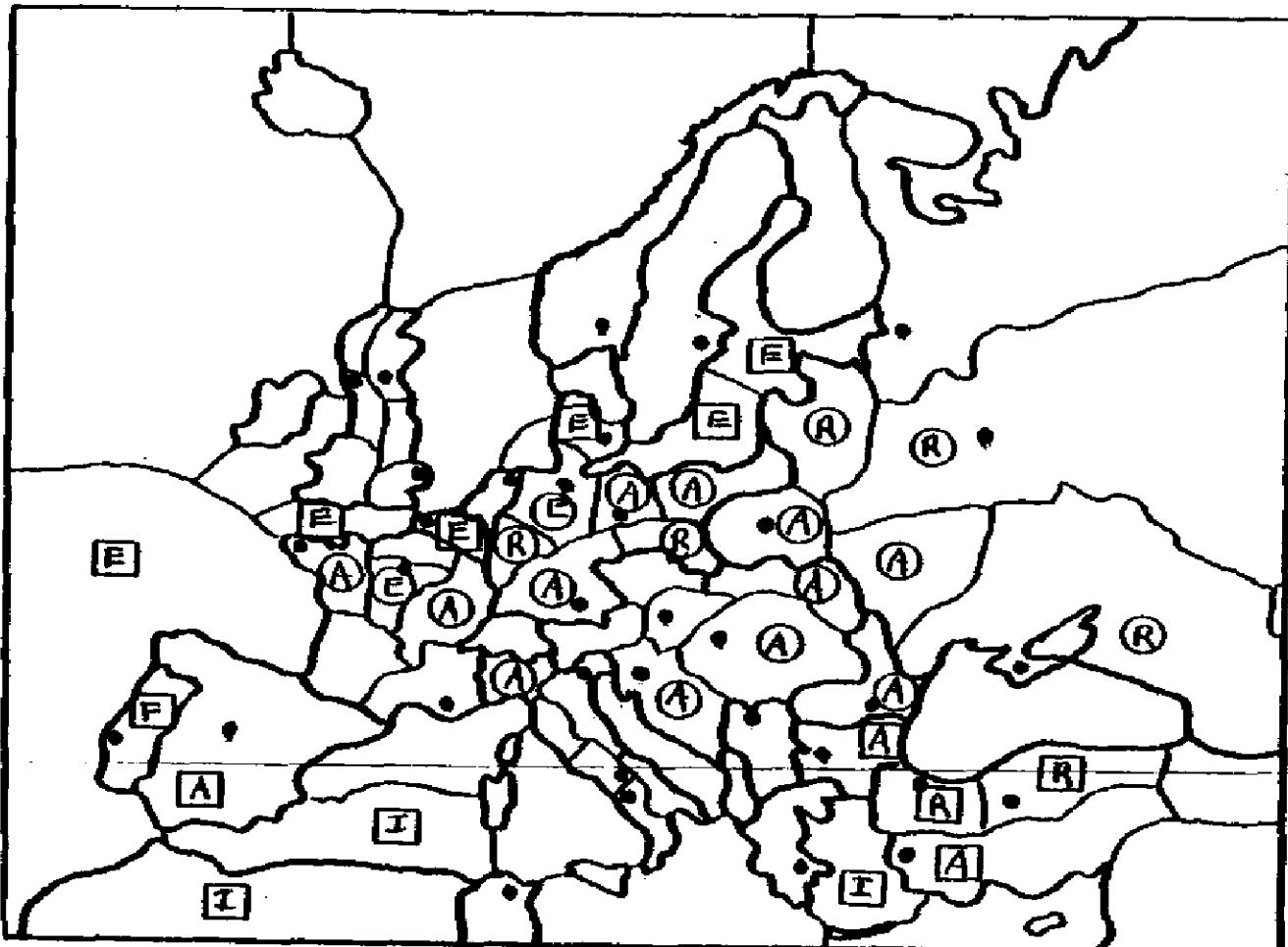
want - someone to love, 3 loving children, and I've come to an understanding within myself. I suppose there are some material things that I'd enjoy if I had, but they aren't neccessary for me.

(KB) I wanted to be a teacher, I guess I thought I liked kids. Thanks to Phyllis, I now know if I had followed that dream, it would've been the biggest mistake of my life!

(LL) When I was a child, my planned career paths were absolutely traditional for women, not to mention absolutely ridiculous (I now realize) for the kind of person I am! First, I wanted to be a nurse -- until I faced the fact that I can't memorize medical terms. Then, I decided to be a stewardess -- but I eventually admitted I'd most likely panic in a crash situation. Third, I considered becoming a teacher -- until I found out there are too many of those nowadays. As I got into my teens, I firmly decided to be a world famous writer, and -- above all -- never ever get married!! Well, so much for the second; the first is still up to me.

(SC) I've quite forgotten what I wanted to be when I grew up. At least, the very first occupation that I even considered. My outlook on life has been very open and awaiting to fit

1982 CH The Aliens' Game Map prior to Spring 1988



is likely that it was of some scientific bent. However, the earliest one that I can recollect is that of a biologist. "Why?" is a good question for which I have no good answer. (SL) The first vocation I can remember choosing was that of veterinarian, that was even before dictator of the world. I never took seriously the "cowboy", "fireman", "policeman" set that were popular with my peers. Once my mother was sure I was going into the ministry (she disapproved) and earlier she had my dad talk me out of being a football player. I had no intention of following either path; who knows where mom's get these intuitions. I always planned on being a parent, and the fantasy was always a daughter, not a son (I'm weird). Later, I decided to be a scientist. I didn't know for sure exactly what that would entail, but it sounded like my kind of job. Later still I considered being a writer, and then it came to me that what I wanted to do with my life was solve puzzles. They call the position, Programmer-Analyst where I work now, and I'm quite happy with it.

Questions for next month:

1. Which two countries do you feel make the strongest Diplomacy alliance pair?
2. What do you think about the legalization of drugs? Some things? All of them?

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ The Players

Bart Denny	1410 Meadow Vista Rd, Meadow Vista, CA 95722 (916) 878-1343
Tom Hurst	2686 Richardson Dr., Fitchburg, WI 53711
Marshal Linder	RD3, Box 21B, Carmichael Rd, Owego, NY 13827 (607) 687-5444
Mark Keller	2 Seaside Ct., Sacramento, CA 95831 (914) 427-7183
Mark Coldiron	3300 Parkside Drive #47, Rocklin, CA 95677 (916) 624-4406

The A/T draw did not pass but is reposed. Please vote with your orders.

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Summer 1908

GER A Mar R GAS

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Fall 1908

AUS (Bart 10)	A_Mun-KIE(A_BER S(A_PRU S)), A_PIE S A_MAR, A_STP MS A_LVN(TUR A_MOS S), A_MAR S TUR A_Rom-SPA, A_Tya-MUN(A_BOH, A_SIL S)
ENG (Tom 3)	F_BRE S RUS F_Nth-Eng(neo), F_Iri-NAT, F_POR-Spa(sc)
GER (Marshal 6)	A_GAS-Bur, A_BUR-Rub, A_BUH-Kie, E_BAL-Kle, A_Kie-DEN, F_Eng-LON
RUS (Mark K 4)	A_FIN-Ste(A_NWY S), F_Nth-NWG
TUR (Mark C 11)	F_AEB_H, F_Eas-ION, F_Ion-NAP, F_TUN_H, A_Rom-SPA(F_TYH,F_BOL_C,F_WES,AUS_A_MAR_S), A_MOS_S AUS A_STP, F_MID_H(F_NAF_S)

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Winter 1908 Supply Centers

AUS	Home,Rum,Ser,War,Ven,Stp,Mun,Ber,MAR,KIE	+2; builds 2
ENG	Lon,Lpl,Bre,POR	+0; even
GER	Kie,Hol,Par,Mar,Bel,Poc,LON,DEN	-1; removes 1
RUS	Swe,Nwy,Den,Edi	-1; even
TUR	Home,Bul,Gre,Sev,Nap,Rom,Tun,Mos,Spa	+0; even

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ ZAT for Winter 1908 and Spring 1909 is June 6, 1986.

1982 IW Journey Back to OZ Press

LINDY to GM: I'm shocked! The GMS is away for a few weeks, and you degenerate into a pervert! I'm not surprised that Daf wears the pants in your family, but I am surprised that you wear the heels!!

GM to LINDY: Such confusion. I didn't degenerate. That would have required that I existed in some higher state. Daf doesn't even wear shoes, so I'd have to be the one to wear the heels. She doesn't wear pants either. And finally, it was Bart who was wearing the kinky costume with the whip.

AUSTRIA: I don't know whose mind is dirtier, GM's or GMS'.

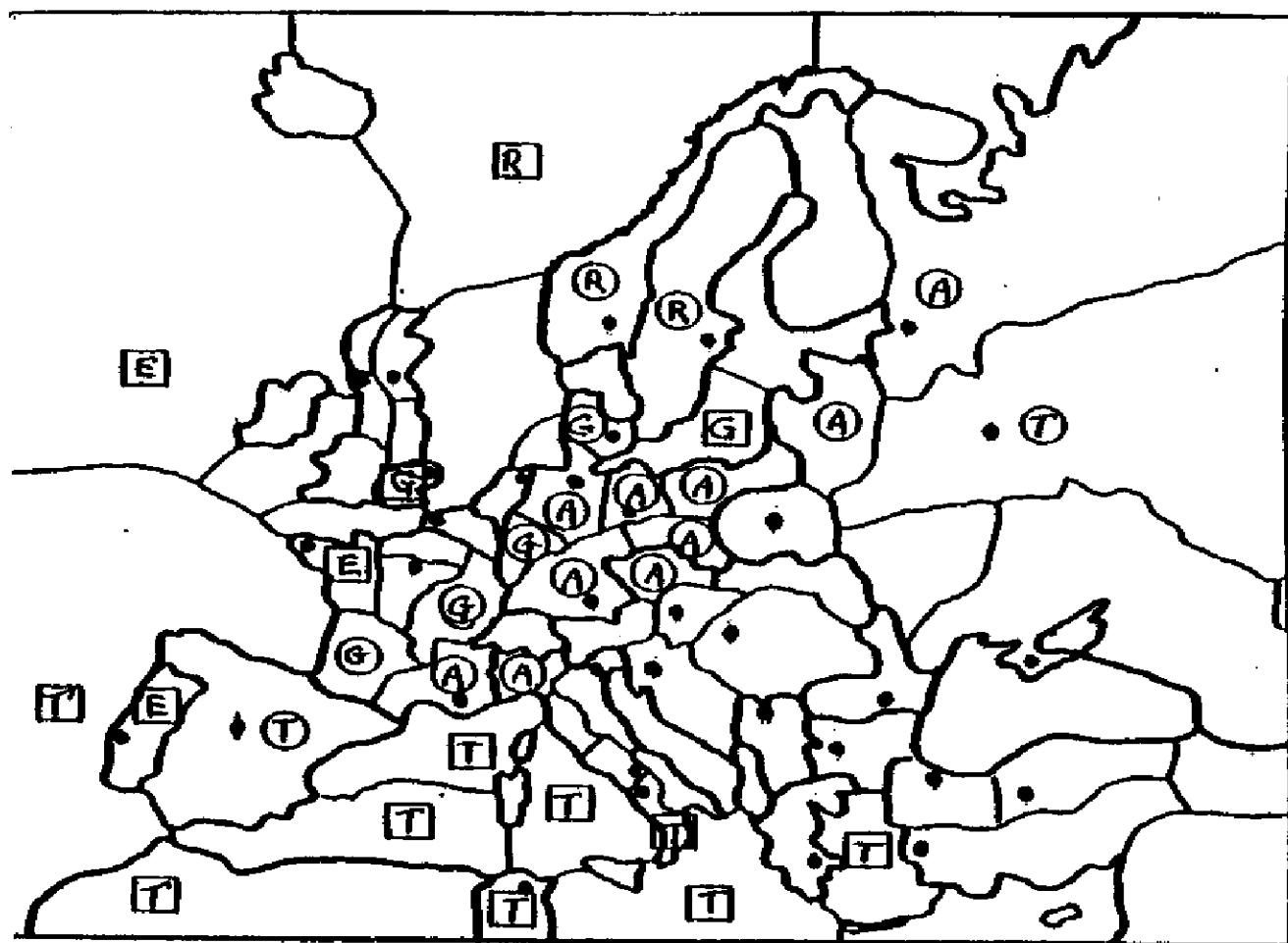
GM to AUSTRIA: Now you see the attraction we have for one another.

TURK to WORLD: Why don't you gluttons-for-punishment vote for the draw!?

GM to TURK: You may have put your finger on it there. Maybe if you were nice to them...

1982 IW Journey Back to Oz

map prior to Winter 170B.



GM to GERMANY: Which is it? Are you into punishment, or should the Turk try to be nice?

AUSTRIA to KING GNOME: The Sultan guessed right. The jig is up.

GM to AUSTRIA: The other half of his press went awry too. He doesn't seem to be getting any help down there.

MACHAMID-AMIN to KAISER: You think it's long and painful!? Are you referring to the game or my dagger? Vote for the draw and remove the pain or we will put you out of your misery.

GM to TURK: That isn't quite what I had in mind when I suggested that you be nice to him, but at least you did give it a try. Maybe it will even work.

FLIRT to GERMANY: You asked if anyone wants to do anything different. Sure I do! Your place or mine?

GM to FLIRT: And you call me a pervert. Just how different is this thing you are offering to do with Germany? Do you need any ropes, chains, a whip or the heels?

GM to TURK: Now that's more like what I had in mind when I said you could be nicer to Germany, sort of carried to the other extreme.

AUSTRIA to GAME: OMS is going to be pissed when she sees what a mess your house is still in.

GII to AUSTRIA: When she gets home, the bed will be made and the sheets will be clean. Did I miss anything?

1986 A Showtime The Players

John Huestis	4525 Cameron Road, Shingle Springs, CA 95682
Tom Hurst	2686 Richardson Dr., Fitchburg, WI 53711
Bill Quinn	301 Conroe Dr., Conroe, TX 77301
Melinda Holley	PO Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727
Dennis Walker	112 Foxwood Circle, Bonaire GA, 31005 (912) 929-3963
Don Williams	1325 E. Citrus Ave., Apt 2-C, Redlands, CA 92374
Mark Fassio	1160 Spruance Rd., Monterey, CA 93940-4B23

Please note another COA for Dennis Walker. An R/F draw is proposed, please vote with your next orders. The idea of our being a DW demo game was voted down. I can't say I mind, the extra work wouldn't have been all that much, but it would have meant typing the game up twice (room for twice the errors).

1986 A Showtime Spring 1901

AUS (John 4)	A Bud-RUM(A GAL S), A Ser-BUL(F GRE S)
ENG (Tom 5)	F Lon-ENG, F Lpl-IRI, F NWY S GER F Den-SWE, E BRE-Mid, A WAL H
FRA (Bill 4)	A Bei-PIC(A PAR S), A Bur-BAS, E SPA(sc)-Mid
GER (Melinda 5)	A Mun-BUR, F Ber-BAL, A Hol-BEL(A RUH B), F Den-SWE(ENG F NWY S)
ITA (Dennis 4)	F Nap-ION, A Tri-TYA, A Tya-BOH, F Ion-EAS
RUS (Don 4)	A UKR-Gal, A Lvn-WAR, F Bla-CON, F Bot-STP(sc)
TUR (Faz 4)	F Ank-BLA, F Con-SMY, A Arm-SEV, A Bul-Ser(d;anh1)

1986 A Showtime ZAT for Fall 1902 is June 6, 1986.

1986 A Showtime PRESS

MONACO to MUNICH: Coors? Yecch! You can have it!! I prefer a rich chocolate ice-cream soda.

GERMANY to GM: Italy drinks Coors? Well, that explains that!

AUSTRIA to GERMANY: Thanks for the offer. I hope I don't need it.

RAPACIOUS RALPH the GNASTY GNOME to Bill, Dennis, and John: What's in a name, guys? After all, it's a mark of honor to have a nickname in this hobby. If you don't like my choices, choose one yourself! Have fun and take it in good part, in any event. That's what this game and the hobby is all about, isn't it?

FOWLMMASTER to SACTO SAGE: Ha! Your suggestions last time were easily figured out. I got Dishonest Dennis, Painless John and Bill the Menace. Still, I didn't quite catch the significance of it all.

GNOME to DUCK: Nicknames you want? OK, how's about "Crackers" Quinn, "Windy" Walker, and "Heavy-Hand" Huestis? You can't argue that these names don't describe their playing styles well!

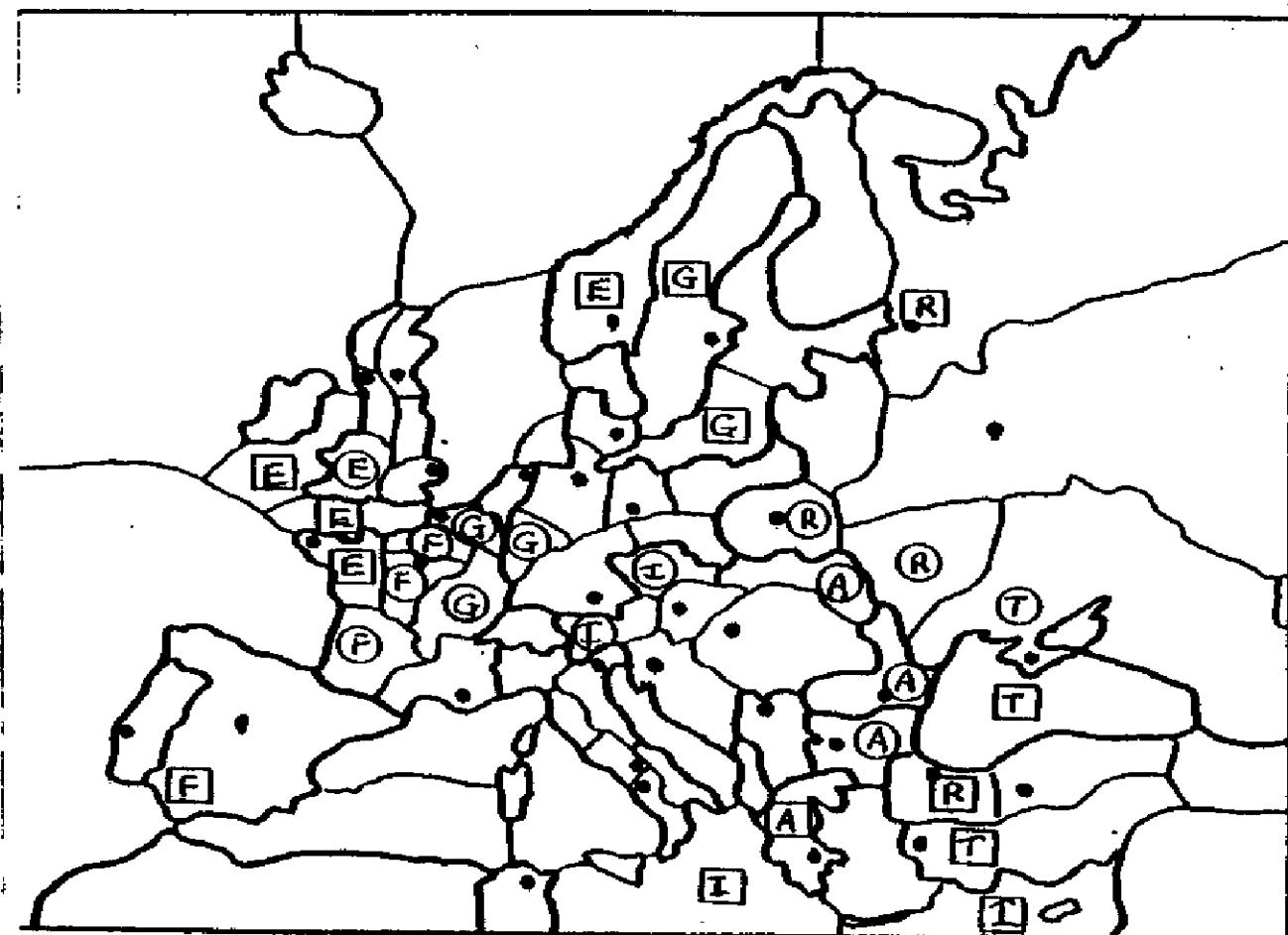
GM to GNOME: Heavy Hand Huestis. I think I can get behind that one. How about a little help from our friends? What do you say BYIDEBUCKET Duck, Maneater, Faz (Faz? What kind of a Dip-nickname is Faz?)?

AUSTRIA to TURKEY: So, did you and Uncle Donnie make nice-nice?

GM to HEAVY-HAND: Nicernice? You heavy handed of you.

1986 A Showtime

Map prior to Fall 1902.



RUSSIA to GERMANY, TURKEY, AUSTRIA & ENGLAND: Just because this is "Showtime" doesn't mean you have to lower the curtain. **TURKEY to A/H:** I am really at a loss at how to explain this second turncoat action directed westward (this aimed more at preventing an A/I follow-up, if there is such a beast, rather than a hit on you per se). Gee, I guess I just did kind of kind of explain this move...hmm....anyway, nothing personal, and as you're writing frequently to me, I'm always interested in your ideas. But I need some greed down south too, and I can't trust a possible I/A in this critical season. OK, 'nuff said in the whine and grovel category.

KING GNOME TO THE EAST: I think I have the trick of it now. One grovels when one is ahead! No wonder my record isn't the best. I've been doing wrong all these years. Live and learn!

WARSAW WIT to SACTO SAGE: The lively octogenarian hit it off so well with a woman he met at a local tavern that she agreed to return to his apartment for some 'fun'. Five days later, the old man noticed a drip at the end of his penis and made an appointment with his doctor.

"Have you had sex recently?" the physician asked.

"Sure have," the old man cackled.

"Do you remember the woman you were with and where she lives?"

"Well, of course I do."

"Then you'd better get over there right away," the doctor advised. "You're about to climax."

RUSSIA to GM: Smile, Steve, I got a million of 'em...
 AUSTRIA to ITALY: Am I gullible or what? You did say you
 were just visiting!

WARSAW to AUSTRIA & ITALY: God is on the side not of the
 heavy battalions, but of the best shots. (J. Voltaire)
 TURKEY to I: Dennis, after listening to your new LP, "the
 Sounds of Silence, Part II," I decided that I'd better trust
 my gut instincts (or was it just gas in the gut?) and go with
 Mr. Truth and Honesty (barf), Don W. (Of course, if I hear
 from you between 29 Apr and this print, disregard all this
 hostile vilification!). Nonetheless, like I told John, I
 can't trust you guys staying cozy, for you could really wipe
 me out with a deft move this turn, so I'll give Don one last
 try and see if he's on the up-and-up. Hey, I'm always here
 to talk!

SEIGED RUSSIA to TSARIST FORCES: Cry, 'Havoc!' and let slip
 the dogs of war, that these foul deeds shall smell above the
 earth with carrion men groaning for burial! (Or something
 like that.)

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: Say! Are you the guy writing the Soviet
 Press releases on Chernobyl?

KING GNOME TO TSAR DUCK: You're right. The highly-rated and
 influential "Crackers" Quinn ran afoul of a Gnome who, being
 lowly-rated and unimportant, had nothing to lose.
 Of course, his inability to write more than a single postcard
 to me before the first move might have had something to do
 with it, too. One never knows, especially where unknown
 Gnomes are concerned.

RUSSIA to FRANCE: How can I help you if you won't help your
 own cause? Better yet, how can you help me if you're wiped
 out in 1902?

TURKEY to R: And YOU have better talked on the straight-and-
 narrow, wise guy! Or your song won't be "Would I lie to you?"
 by the Eurythmics, but more like "The King of Pain," cause
 I'll surely "sting" you in the payback!

RUSSIA to TUR: Touché, mon ami!!

AUSTRIA to FRANCE: How about a little side bet on which one
 of us expires first?

KING GNOME TO MAL-LADY: Unleash? Is this good enough
 for you?

RUSSIA to THE 'ALLIES': Okay, okay... so you all bounced me
 in '01 so that I wouldn't grow too fast. Now I suppose
 you're all going to attack me in '02 because I didn't grow
 fast enough? This is a very strange game, and a sensitive
 philosopher such as myself ponders muta hypocrisy with wonder
 and awe.

TURKEY to ALL: Input#1--I have truthfully not written
 anything in Black Press to date; those of you who have
 credited me with witticisms behind my feeble imagination, I
 thank you, but you are barking up the wrong tree.

KING GNOME TO AUSTRIAN SENIOR STATESMAN: Keep the pot
 boiling. We're counting on you!

RUSSIA to THE 'ALLIES' (PART II): I hate to set a precedent,
 but I can actually sympathize with Ronnie; his allies (vs
 Libyan terror) are double-talking Commie-symps, too. Not a
 backbone in the crowd.

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: I guess that German fleet is there to
 protect your rear from the Russian menace.

KING GNOME TO THE MALICIOUS MALLARD: YOU may agree to it,
 becoming like Melinda, but I never will! I hear that those
 sex change operations are PAINFUL!

ST PETERSBURG to ROME: Hey, kid, get with the program. Which program? Boy--I said, boy--you got to finish off what you didn't really start yet. You've got to get rid--I said, rid--of those red blocks. (He's a smart boy, but he's got all the spine of a bowl of pudding...)

UNCLE ENNIS to BILLY-BOB: Now wheah'd that boy run off to? D'ya see him a-take off, Cousing Jeff? Hail, theah oughta be a lahw 'ginst tha' kinna' speed...

TURKEY to ALL: Input#2--joke. Two priests like to play baseball. They wonder if they play ball in Heaven, and both make a pact to tell the other what it's like 'up there.' Father Tim dies soon after, and discover that they do indeed play ball in Heaven, 24 hours a day. He returns to Earth and tells Father Mike that he has good news and bad news. "The good news, Mike, is that they play ball up there constantly. But the bad news is--you're the starting pitcher for Saturday night." Hyork, hyork, as Coughlan would guffaw.

MOSCOW to GERMANY: If you've got a nice fresh corpse, fetch him out. (M. Twain)

TURKEY to E/G: I'm getting lazy here, and writing the Alliance with one press blurb. I hope my xeroxed plea was not misunderstood? I wish you all luck wherever you decide to go, but I just wanted to keep my options open. I think the coasts of France and the Scandinavian seashores are lovely this time of year...Good hunting!

FOWLMASTER to KING GNOME: Better your dreadnaught on the bottom of the sea than on top of my dot.

KING GNOME TO THE DASTARDLY DRAKE: You are the only man I've ever heard of that has the cheek to brag that he has to use a shoehorn to make love!

RUSSIA to TURKEY: Is that a battleship in Ankara, or are you just happy to see me?

TURKEY to F: Last, but not least, Bill, you, the great uncommunicator (perhaps a human variant of 7-up?). I do indeed wish you well for a long time in this game. But I have a hunch that E/G is gonna take this one, for the rest of us are without purpose in this game, it seems. I hope you can hold them off long enough for me to die with dignity (gee, did I just contradict my well-wishes to E/G and to F? Nah, must be the typewriter....).

SEVASTOPOL to TURKEY: Where force is necessary, one should make use of it boldly, resolutely, and right to the end. But it is as well to know the limitations of force; to know where to blend force with maneuver, assault with conciliation.

(L. Trotsky)

LINDY to GNOME: Cochise and I miss you! How is everything?

KING GNOME TO THE TIPSY TEAL: You got your kinks, I got mine. Latex is too cheap, though. I prefer leather. You got to kill to get it! (Gnot a very nice Gnome, am I?)

ST PETE to ALL: How did I ever get into this shit?

(D. Williams)

TURKEY to ALL: Input #3--just bought a townhouse in DC; multo \$\$\$\$\$. Anyone want to help me finance the sucker?

BERLIN to VIENNA: "Byrne clone"? When will you people learn Byrne is a Holley clone?

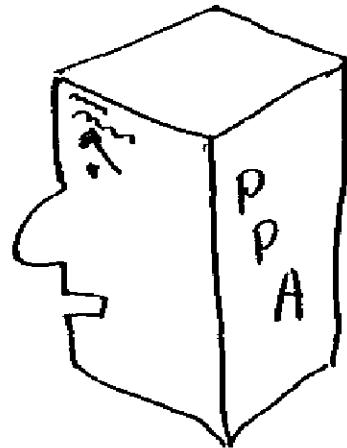
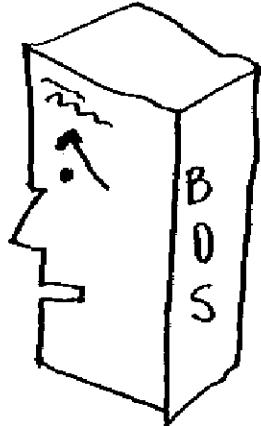
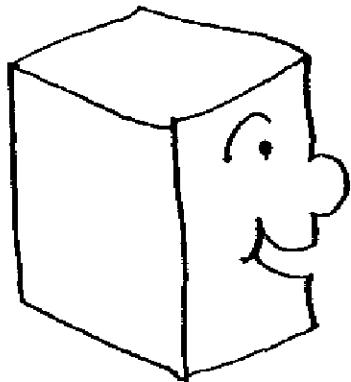
FOWLMASTER to MANEATER: We shall fight you in the bars, we shall oppose you in the taverns, we will obstruct you in cocktail lounges and meadehalls... we shall defend our drinking privileges!

CII to DDT: Sorry guy, this is four pages. I'll just have to split it into two pages.

Old Fiends Bourse

Company Name	Acronyms	Dollars	Standing
Just Another Investor Listing	JAIL	\$152.49	1678
An Cat Dubh Co.	ACDC	\$1.44	1504
Smart Money and Random Trading	SM&RT	\$4082.07	1331
Poison Pen Antidotes	PPA	\$4145.19	1042
Kentucky Fried	KF	\$317.70	1041
Joy Diffusion	JD	\$1446.95	1010
Banque De Suisse	BDS	\$7282.50	956
R.A.T.M. Investments	RATM	\$3582.25	929
Ted Turner	TT	\$70.10	858
Abyssinian Commodities Exchange	ACE	\$1.85	819
Finance 535	F-535	\$877.76	740
New Bonavia Trading Company	NBTC	\$3.45	731
Bug Eyed Monsters Syndicated	BEMS	\$1.55	646
Virgin Investments Inc.	VII	\$3.73	234

Country SC Count	AUS 4	ENG 1	FRA 8	GER 3	ITA 7	RUS 10	TUR 1
Shorts open at	2.44	7.91	3.80	0.75	3.82	4.38	0.45
SM&RT	0	0	0	0	0	0	500
RATM	0	500	0	0	0	0	500
PPA	0	500	0	0	0	500	500
KF	0	500	0	0	0	500	0
ACDC	0	200	0	0	0	0	0
F-535	0	0	244	0	0	0	0
BDS	0	500	0	0	0	0	0
JAIL	0	0	0	0	0	0	500
JD	0	0	0	193	100	0	0



"So, You FIGURE DOLLARS ARE SAFE?"

ILLUSIONS

MAGUS page 20

Country	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
Bourse opens at	2.44	7.91	3.80	0.75	3.82	4.38	0.65
TT	500-	500-	0	50	1900	500-	0
SM&RT	500-	500-	500-	500-	500-	1500	0
BEMS	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
RATM	500-	0	0	0	500-	0	0
PPA	500-	0	0	500-	500-	0	0
VII	500-	0	49-	0	826	400-	0
KF	500-	0	500-	1000	700	0	500-
ACDC	500-	0	1816	0	500-	500-	0
ACE	0	0	0	5900	500-	500-	500-
F-535	0	500-	0	0	0	700	0
BDS	500-	0	500-	500	500-	500-	0
JAIL	500-	500-	2100	1910	500-	500-	0
JD	500-	0	100-	0	0	0	0
NBTC	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bourse closes at	1.94	7.49	4.01	1.57	3.80	4.21	0.35

No Short Sales indebtedness this season.

Final closing	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	ITA	RUS	TUR
1.94	7.71	4.00	1.59	3.81	4.31	0.55	

Old Fiends Bourse Current Portfolios

TT	1393	47	5060	0	3225	1685	0
SM&RT	500	0	6500	168	4486	4727	0
BEMS	2291	99	0	568	4493	2202	0
RATM	1000	0	3825	0	5300	2000	0
PPA	1053	0	5366	0	3750	3000	0
VII	4125	0	0	0	963	44	0
KF	2683	0	3339	2200	4874	2450	1000
ACDC	9250	0	6181	0	4843	3024	0
ACE	0	0	0	5900	2833	3999	4577
F-535	500	4500	1500	500	2000	4000	0
BDS	1166	0	4500	1500	2900	3000	0
JAIL	600	74203	2114	1910	1098	6122	0
JD	1734	0	2913	193	2183	5526	0
NBTC	921	1000	3521	1484	0	3572	0

Old Fiends Bourse Financial News

***BM to BOURSE: YFI dropped from the race this time. NBTC is verging on a similar fate. Oh, yeah, you can't sell more than 500 of any given currency at a time. There have been recent attempts to sell more than that. Be careful.

***KF to PVT. ARNOLD: I am sorry to disturb you from your vigil with the GMS. The Continuity Police are trying to impound the manual. See that it is protected. Tell Corporal Norris to protect Lt. Welch from bodily harm.

***ITALY to KF: You've been rolling in the batter and playing in the pressure cooker too long...again.

More Old Fiends Bourse Financial News:

***FINANCIAL ADVICE XII: Investors shocked at JAIL's actions on the stock exchange. England may make the gamble worth it if he can stay afloat for the year. Russia should be a good buy next season but one had better keep an eye on his allies. At 10, he is mighty threatening. Italy and France, forever!

***GM to XII: Think what a deal it will be if the fleet stays afloat for more than a year. Shades of the Austrian Miracle.

***INANE FINANCIAL ADVICE: The separation of seasons threatens to make this a dull session. Stay on the sidelines, keep your hands in your pockets, your nose to the grindstone, and your shoulder to the wheel...not necessarily simultaneously.

***GM to INANE: How do you suppose the "nose to the grindstone" phrase came into being? What possible task could be accomplished with one's nose on a grindstone? Or, did you just make that up and I suffer from dej^a vu?

***SOCRATES to BOURSE: Hey, pals, for those of you buying Italian War Bonds - yeah, it makes me wanna choke too - rest assured that I won't allow Williams to screw up what I've done for him so far.

***GM to SOC: What have you done for him so far? It isn't as though he were in contention for second place or anything.

***KF to ALL: Sorry, new leader but wrong company. Anyone for Smart Money next year?

***ROME to RATM: You are going to feel so silly when I suicide out of this one. Hoo-boy, I can't wait to see the look of pained chagrin on your face.

***KF to ROME: That all depends. Did your ally come up with any compensation after this? How much money are you taking out of the Austrian banks?

***LINDY to KF: Boy, are you nosy! (By the way, I give the GM a 10...)

***JD to LADIES: Was that 4.0 for technique, or artistic impression? And what was the degree of difficulty? That's very important.

***GM to JD: Degree of difficulty? Surely you jest.

***ROME to LINDY: Kicks just keep getting harder to find.

***GM to ROME: They are over next to the Captain Crunch.

***OLSEN to WILLIAMS: Just when you thought it was safe to enter the hobby again...dum-dum-dum-dum, dum-dum-dum-dum, The Return of the Toad!

***ROME to JD: Better late than never. (And another thing, you didn't get burned putting money on me in Le Ronde, did you? History isn't the only thing that repeats itself...)

***GM to ROME: How true...there is always the press.

***QUEEN of PRUSSIA to WICHITA: Don't listen to Redlands, I like you just the way you are! You're not a burnout...you're more of a joke-shop birthday candle.

***Don Johnson Williams, Redlands Vice to LINDY: Chill out. That's not stubble, that's sex appeal. Want a Pepsi?

***REDLANDS to GM: Impressed?

***GM to REDLANDS: Well, at least you've stopped trying to pass it off as a beard. Now, what's this about a burn-out?

***KF to REDLANDS: He's not burning out because you don't light up his life.

***JD to ITALY: If the joke was aimless and not very funny, not only would the Boob like it, but he'd probably publish it. (Bash, bash)

***KF to BOOB: No!

***QUIJA FINANCE COMPANY(BLACK PRESS) to BOURBE: Rumor has it that the Marshall of Le Republique du France will be received by Duckbreath sometime this upcoming summer. Sources close to both countries decline to state details, but a one-week summit has been proposed, along with a Mets-Doger game. Keep an eye on those portfolios - the smart CEO should be ready to shift assets to the Franco-Mallard war machine.

***SOCRATES: Blow it out yer ear, pal!

***KF to TT: Pass the pasta.

***LINDY to GMS: Get well soon! No one can keep these macho males in their place like you can.

***JD to SLEAZE: Oh good, I've never been a blimp before (no, really...). Remember the movie Black Sunday? That's me at Dipcon.

***FOWLMASTER to SLEAZE and TT: Ducks don't do "camps", ducks do "nests". Get it right.

***SLEAZE to TT: Sir, you have me at a disadvantage (there is a first time for everything, I'm told). Who the hell are you?

***SOCRATES to CRUSADER BABBIT: Why don't you go find a holy war? In hoc signo vinces, pal.

***FINANCE 535 to JAIL: I think that worked, at least there are three turns to dump them.

***JD to JAIL: Now that was really, really clever. Is it too late for me to jump in? Now if you're a real man, you'll hold on to your pound portfolio without any wimpy selling or shorting! Go for it!

***KF to TT: JAIL's now leading the pack. Where did he get those booster rockets?

***JAIL to TT: Get a clue!!

***NORTH of the CANADIAN BORDER to GMS: Get well ultrafast!!!

***BEMS to GM: I ought to resign. I sat here for an hour last turn considering whether to plunge on English pounds, but I finally decided I'd look like a fool. I seem to guess right on the little stuff (Austria from 2.83 to 2.44; Italy from 3.19 to 3.82) but I'll never be among the leaders, apparently.

***L.L. to GM & GMS: Equal Rights for Hamster Pornography!! I'm for freedom of the press...besides, I love smut...

***KF to BABBITT: Don't look now but the simpleton that cornered the Austrian market is not in first place.

***ROME to BOURSE: If you're wondering why I keep butting in over here, it's because your press section is more fun than ours (Also I can call Keeney a wienie here because he doesn't read the Bourse press, right Steve?)

***GM to ROME: You mean Jim Keeney?

***JD to GMS: Get well Daf!

***COCHISE to GM: Moon or Virgo rising! Olsen is either a pervert or very active. Pudge don't budge!

***GM to COCHISE: I forgot about that. He's Cancer then.

***OLSEN to GM: Moon is a sign? And is Rising Virgo better or worse than regular? I'm so confused. Pssst...you're running out of signs. Oh, and my sister isn't Capricorn, either.

***GM to OLSEN: What do you mean she isn't a Capricorn? Of course she is a Capricorn. She's just been lying about her age...typical Capricorn move.

***FELLOW INVESTOR to TT: But, where is the money going to be placed if not in Russia's capable hands? That is a very important question that must be answered.

***GM to INVESTORS: I'll be happy to hold the money for you. Just how much money was that? I take checks.

1985 X Old Fiends The Players

Marshal Linder	RD3, Box 218, Carmichael Rd. Owego, NY 13827 (607) 687-5444
John Crow	13750 Maham Rd #117B, Dallas, TX 75240
Bob Slossar	14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484
Michael Pustilnik	140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201
Don Williams	1325 E. Citrus Ave., Apt 2-C, Redlands, CA 92374
Jim Keeney	3124 N Street, Sacramento, CA 95816
Steve Arnawoodian	602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, PA 19446

1985 X Old Fiends Spring 1905

AUS (Marshal 4)	A Gal-BUD(RUS A RUH,A VIE S), A Ser-TRI, A Bul-SER
ENG (John 1)	F CLY-Lol
FRA (Bob 8)	F Bre-ENG, A Par-BUR, F SKA S GER A Kie-DEN, F Lon-NTH(GER F EDI S), A Bur-BEL, F NAT-Lel, A MUN-Ber, A RUH S GER A Hol-KIE
GER (Mike 3)	A Kie-DEN(FRE F SKA S), A Hol-KIE(FRE A RUH S), F EDI S FRE F Lon-NTH
ITA (Don 7)	F Nap-APU, A Arm-SMY, F Aeg-EAS, A Tri-ALB, A Bud-Rum(d;anh1), F Bre-AEB, F Adr-ION
RUS (Jim 10)	F Stp(nc)-BAR, A War-BAL, F Nth-NWG(F NWY S), A RUH S AUS A Gal-BUD, F Den-SWE, A BER-Kie, A Pru-BIL, A Sev-ARM(F ANK S)
TUR (Woody 1)	F Smy-CON

1985 X Old Fiends ZAT for Fall 1905 is June 6, 1986.

1985 X Old Fiends Press

BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION BLACK PRESS SECTION
FRANCE to RUSSIA: Tactics has made you but strategy will break you.

END BLACK PRESS END BLACK PRESS END BLACK PRESS END BLACK
GM to BLACK PRESS: Hardly worth it, was it? But then, maybe you'll start a trend. Maybe France will start writing his own press. Think about it, Bob, you could scribble it around the edges of the postcard.

ROME to ST. PETE: The sighs, they are a changin'.

RUSSIA to GAME: Due to my radioactive personality I urge all Friends & Foe alike to retreat from any Russian unit. Because in this game no one knows which way the winds will blow.

GW to RUSSIA: And I suppose you would do everything in your power to keep your radioactive units from being swept into the vaccuum of their departure, right?

ANONYMOUS ITALIAN BEER DRINKER to GERMANY: If you have to ask what the attraction is, you don't belong in Munich. What's it to you if a couple of thirsty countries want to belly-up to the bar? (Actually, you'll notice I've changed my tastes - the Austrian variety isn't half-bad.)

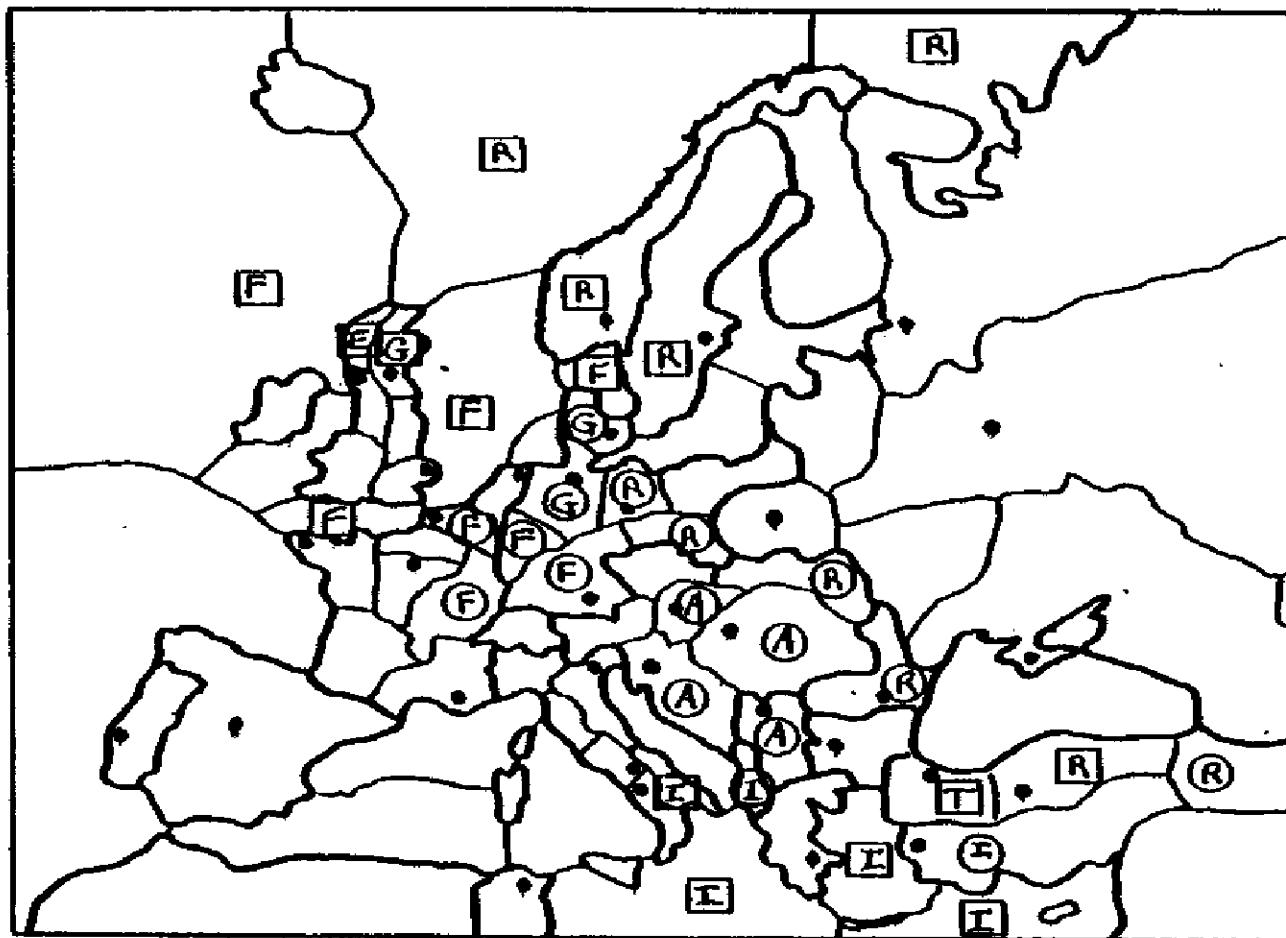
EDGE to JACKEL: I should have known that you could be counted on to make a stupid stab and ruin the game for yourself. Everyone in the hobby warned me, but no, I didn't listen.

GM to JACKEL: Ah, a legend in your own time.

AUSTRIA: I've never changed my mind so many times about one set of orders before! Oh, well, maybe I can confuse the Bourse.

GM to AUSTRIA: I feel much the same way about the press. The item from CLYDE was originally at the top of this page.

1985 X Old Fiends Map prior to Fall 1905.



CLYDE (somewhere in the moor): The lone English fleet broke free of its winter harborage. Columns of coal smoke rose as steam was built.

"Mate, mate," yelled the Admiral from flagplot. The hunchback came scurrying into the room.

"Aye, sir?" squeaked the hunchback, still attempting to buckle his sword belt.

"Not aye," roared the Admiral, "how many times do I have to tell you? It's DA now. Da."

"Da, Admiral," repeated the hunchback.

"Have the navigator plot a course for Edinburgh."

"Edinburgh, it's right over there," said the hunchback, vaguely waving his hand to the south.

"The navigator will do just fine, I'm sure," replied the Admiral, and as the mate left he mused. It was tough getting used to it, having gone from the Empire that the Sun never set upon to the Empire that the nightlight never went out on had been an abrupt change. But now to war again, to secure Edinburgh. The Admiral smiled.

Topside, the hunchback spun the wheel of the battlewagon and signaled for flank speed. The other ships of the fleet followed suit. He muttered to himself;

"Don't need no stinking navigator..."

OM to CLYDE: Thanks for the little bit of Simon. You know, I voted for you in the 'Best Writer' category in the Marco P. II Award competition. I'm glad about Simon so far. Keep it up!

GM to FIENDS: And now, the moment you have all been waiting for, it's down to Don and me... mano a mano in the press arena!

DON to LINDY: Talk to myself? All the time, Sugar, all the time.

GM to DON: Uh, Don, it's you and me. Not you and Lindy. Pay attention. I realize that it is difficult for you at best, and downright impossible when anything female comes onto the scene...but, this is your show!

ROME to CLYDE: Don't you kind of wish you had a nuke or two just now? Requiescat in pace, my friend.

GM to FIENDS: You have the feeling he is in another world or something? There he sits, applauding in the audience with a fatuous grin on his face.

ITALY to LADY LUCK LINDY: Encore! Encore!

GM to ITALY: Drunk again? Is that it? C'mon...you are on stage! This has turned into another of those one man press shows. Now, say something pithy to Russia.

ITALY to RUSSIA: Austria's more into "Revenge and Remembrance" than "Forgive and Forget".

GM to ITALY: I said pithy, not inane. Straighten up those shoulders. Suck in that gut. I said in! Now, hit France with something deep and significant. Show him the depth of your genius.

DON to LINDY: Heard you're back with the little man, now. Was that a move up or down?

STEVE to DON: What's with all the asides to Lindy. She's a happily married woman with a husband who gives her everything her heart could desire. Now get with the program and hit France with something truly significant.

ITALY to GM: Maybe he forgot the chocolate pudding?

GM to ITALY: He didn't forget the chocolate pudding! I am starting to think you are doing this on purpose, just to get me to fill out the page for you. Now, one last chance. Say something incisively brilliant (or brilliantly incisive) to Franca. Sum up the game for him.

ITALY to FRANCE: I must face my peril.

GM to ITALY: That's more like it. Symbolic! It might even mean something. I'm proud of you. Now, say something to Woody that shows your great depth of feeling for the pain you've caused him, without actually admitting guilt. Be firm, but show compassion. Speak to him as an adult to an erring child.

ITALY to TURKEY: Nothing personal, Woody. It's just that, as a member of the Hamster Protection League, I'm committed to stamping out hamster abuse in all its evil and nefarious guises.

GM to ITALY: I'm afraid you've lost it again. I suppose you started day-dreaming about Lindy again. Something to do with Chicken & Stars and Chocolate Syrup no doubt. Well, I have one more thing to try to bring you back to your senses. Next Week Daf Will Be Back!!!!!!

ITALY to GM: While the GMS is away...this lonely toady will definitely stay in line. (Sorry, Lindy.)

GM to ITALY: Hey, I hated to do it. But you drove me to it. I had to be rough, I had to be tough. You may think I was gruff, but you weren't showin' the stuff. Now think for a bit...go take a ...rest, and then come back here and hit us with some top quality Don Williams press. C'mon, don't be shy with us now. We are almost to the bottom of the page. Just one more item. Something really slick. One of your impossible quotes...or some duck press...anything!

THE LATE, GREAT WOODYCON REVIEW by Linda Courtemanche

"How's your soapdish?"

I had just ventured into Woody's kitchen when Tom Mainardi sauntered up to me with this kinky little greeting. Woody, Kathy Byrne, and John Caruso shuffled a little further away from the lunatic fringe and began to discuss the Freshman Poll very loudly. Yes, I should have expected this. Definitely a Woodycon.

The offbeats on this beat were Cochise and me, Byrne, Caruso and their chaperones Frank and Francine, our hamster-molesting host, Carl Russell, Mark Larzelere, Dick Martin, Mainardi, Jeff Bohner, and a pint-sized Monopoly whiz named Scott.

One thing I have always loved about cons -- their scintillating, thought-provoking conversations. Like this:

Woody (peering into freezer): "Whose candy-bar is this? Somebody eat it before I do!"

Kathy: "Francine's. It melted in the car."

Food at Woodycon was a variant this year -- no grinders! -- but it was wolfed down wholesale. Coldcuts, macaroni and potato salad, potato chips, chocolate chip cookies -- and my "decadent brownies." Woody, desperately clinging to the last vestiges of his diet, declared they looked "stale...old...dry." Meanwhile, Caruso scarfed down at least ten of them!

Kathy's newest craving was called Junta, which put the players smack-dab in the middle of a banana republic's power struggles. She, Woody, Tom, Steve, Carl, John and I played it Saturday afternoon. It turned out to be a lively display of battle, bucks, betrayal, and all the other things that make life worth living. Tom was our first El Presidente, and he was pretty liberal with the budget. However, rabble-rouser Lindy was spoiling for a coup, and of course it was a disaster. When it was all over but the shooting, I got shot. Tom resumed his office for a while without incident, but then Caruso and Cochise (that troublemaker) put their heads together and organized an extremely sneaky coup that they managed to win, largely due to ineffectual government air-strikes, and to Carl's sitting on the fence until the eleventh hour. When the smoke cleared, Carl was El Presidente (I'll still never figure that one out) and I was his faithful minister. Faithful, that is, till the end of the next coup, when I knew I'd be dead meat if I didn't curry favor with the incoming regime. And the game went on in this round-robin style for a long time, with Kathy and Woody eventually having their shots at the presidency, and the rest of us having our shots at each other! If memory serves me correctly, Tom eventually prevailed after killing my hubby and making off with his millions.

After Junta, the Byrne/Caruso contingent had to drive back to Flushing, due to a family emergency (a football game first thing in the morning). Steve got Titan fever, and he, Dick, Carl, and Mark sat huddled over in an obscure corner, having

laid in a lifetime supply of toothpicks with which to prop open their eyelids.

The real-estate enthusiasts (Woody, Jeff, Scott, Mainardi, and I) hauled out the Monopoly board. Mark soon found he wasn't stacked enough for Titan, so he joined the rest of us money-grubbers in our game. Woody and I had major-league problems on our first run around the board, as someone had declared variant rules: 'No one can buy anything till they've passed Go once.' Well, we kept having to make side-trips to Jail! By the time we could start investing, almost everything had been snapped up. But eventually Woody ended up with the railroads and cleaned up -- especially from yours truly! Finally, I suicided out in favor of my third (fourth?) showing of The Empire Strikes Back on cable. Then Steve and I stumbled home for what was left of the night.

The next day: Another game of Monopoly, with Jeff Bohner, Mark Larzelere, Scott, hubby, and me. Scott's grasping fingers kept reaching for my railroads, but it was a long time before he got them, in a deal that reunited the monopolies and finally made house-building possible. At last the game narrowed down to Courtemanche vs. Courtemanche, and I squeezed my true love out with skyrocketing rents that forced him to mortgage himself to death. (Snicker!)

Cochise and I also got into a game of Time Trivia with Mark, which I managed to walk away with, mainly because of my vast accumulation of useless facts about the 1920s.

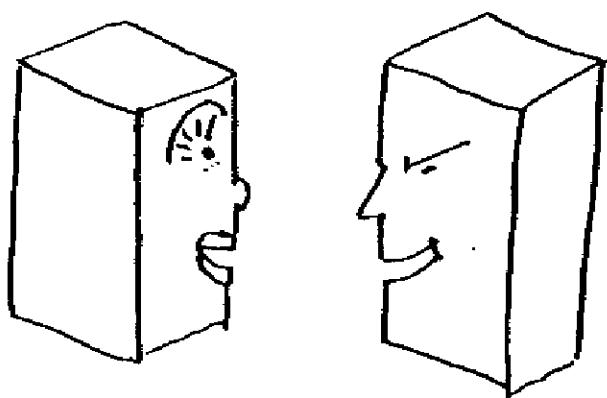
Of course, Woodycon had its risks; one couldn't sit down on the sofa without checking first for hamsters, and there was always the threat of a wrestling match on TV.

But, much as I hate to admit it, woodycon was a lot of fun, for which the thanks must obviously go to Woody himself.

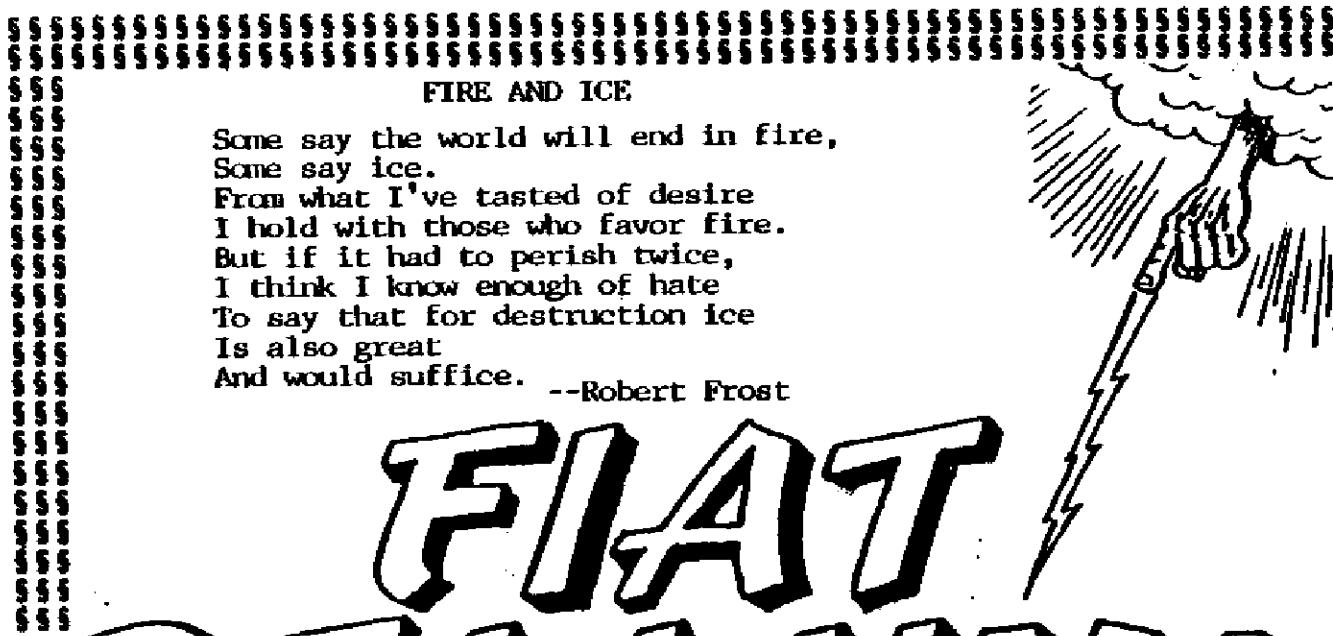
A Classic Woodycon Moment To Tell The Grandchildren About: Kathy busily rubbing dust off Woody's TV screen!

//// I think she does that wherever she goes. I seem to remember the same scene at Pudgecon I. Thanks, and lets make it three free issues to MAGUS for the con review. I didn't realize that King of Prussia was that close to Lansdale, but then, I find it hard to conceive of Flushing being that close to Lansdale.

I notice that no one was playing Dip. No wonder Dipdom is dying out. No one is out there setting a good (bad) example for all of the novices. How do you expect Scott to learn unless you 'dip him'???



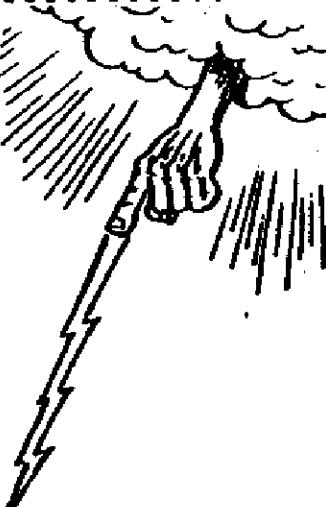
"How's YOUR SOAPDISH?"



FIRE AND ICE

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice. --Robert Frost

--Robert Frost



FIAT BELLUM!

MAY 1986 ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN SUBURBIA!!! NUMBER XXXIX

A decorative horizontal border consisting of a repeating pattern of small, diamond-shaped motifs, likely made of a dark fabric or paper.

NUMBER XXXIX

FIAT BELLUM ("Let there be war!" for those of you who care for things in English), is written, edited, and generally pulled together monthly by me, Don Williams: 1325 East Citrus Avenue, Apt #2-C, Redlands, CA 92374. Phone: (714) 793-6751. FB is a MAGUS subzine & always will be.

Greetings all, and welcome to the thirty-ninth issue of FIAT BELLIUM. That's right, with it's next issue FB will become middle-aged. Don't go looking too hard for the mid-life crisis here, though--FB is always in crisis. Next stop--50!!! Stick around. Unfortunately. . .

. . . this happy occasion has been marred by certain hobby members who, for reasons unknown to us, have begun to slander, libel, and otherwise bring injurious ridicule to bear upon one of the hobby's brightest shining lights, moi. As Hamlet would said, "...'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity; And pity 'tis 'tis true." The fiends are two: Bob "Iron Fist" Olsen, and Kathy "Honeylove" Byrne.

In the last issue of Wichita Wastrel's perjurious, pedantic, putrid and prevaricating publication, this would-be Hobby Old Fart took careful aim at myself and fired the first volley of what is sure to become (yet another) hobby-rending feud. (One ponders what price Olsen exacted from Chris Carrier for keeping the infamous feuilletonist entertained... these are indeed sordid doings.)

Bob "It-Came-From-Under-An-Unturned-Stone" Olsen has recently won a game, a game excellently GMed from start to finish incidentally.

in this subzine. Olsen, malodious cad that he is, now denies the alleged win--despite overwhelming and insurmountable evidence to the contrary!!! Unconscienable? Yes. A lie? Of course. Something that even Olsen would stoop to? Axiomatic! In fact, such defamatory degradation is so common an act for the Wichita Woe-monger that the term "Olsenism" fairly reeks of acts both pitiful and maliciously devoid of even a dram of human decency.

As a result of the pusillanimous and perverted phrasings of this--one hesitates to use the noun 'man' here--person, I have chosen to enjoin the services of the fairest and most competently conscientious ombudsperson I know, Daphne Langley, to rule on this case. I know that Daf will rule wisely and fairly, and the Wichita Woe-monger knows it, too. (Even now I can imagine him, trembling like a bowl of warmed-over lime Jello, quaking in his boots, anguishing in his sin.) I shall provide Daf with the complete SC count for the game in question, as well as statements from other players from that game who know that Olsen, despite his spiteful and mean-souled comments to the contrary, did in fact win the "LEVIATHAN" game. Finally, I hope to obtain a disclaimer of victory from Mr. Greg Stewart, the man this Olsen Creature has so ignominiously dishonored. Olsen won that game--now he'll have to live with the consequences. (Sorry to drag the rest of you into this--it's people (to use the term loosely in this instance) like Olsen and his close buddy, Carrier, that make this hobby what it is today.)

The second instance, while not nearly so heinous, is nevertheless a cause for decent hobbyists everywhere to toss their cookies.

As you all know, I recently announced a new contest would be coming to FIAT BELLIUM, the "FAREWELL TO ARMS?" contest. The rules were to have been simple; the results, entertaining: pick the day that the Wichita Woe-monger would leave our beloved and otherwise-perfect--except-for-Olsen hobby. That was it, no more, no less. I did not attempt--through great restraint on my part, I might add--in any way, to force this m...ma...maaaa...er, person, from the hobby. I merely asked for the date my readers thought Olsen would leave our hobby. Well, I should have known what would happen. Kathy "Flushing Floozy" Byrne has come to the aid of this alleged human, Olsen. Kathy has denounced this contest as a 'rip-off', in spite of the fact that my two previous contests were perfectly run and did-lies notwithstanding the force of truth and light--pay off the winners. Mark Berch, the winner of the first contest, happily munched his way through a Clark Bar for his brilliant-if-poorly-typed essay about what Mark Berch had done ~~f#~~ for him. Similarly, Woody won the second contest with a (remarkably) coherent and entertaining essay about Kathy Byrne. (Woody, ever the joker, mailed the Clark Bar back, not once, but twice. He'd taken a bite out of it the second time so, to avoid prosecution from the Federal government pertaining to the interstate mailing of noxious and hazardous materials, I properly disposed of the Clark candy bar--at great expense--at the nearby Redlands Hazardous Waste Landfill. Soon to be developed into a large residential area from what I hear, but anyway...)

The truth notwithstanding, this Kathy Byrne has caused this new contest great injury. Through her actions, overt and covert, Kathy has caused this most recent contest to become the victim of a conspiratorial boycott!!!

I am appalled, and you should be, too. Doesn't Kathy run contests in her alleged subzine, KK? (Why not add another 'K' and be done with it, sort of get it all out in the open?) Of course she does. So what
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

FIAT BELLIUM

[3]

UNDER WESTERN EYES

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

ZAT: May 31, 1986

<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<

NEXT SEASON: Spring 1904

Under Western Eyes

GAME ID: 1985-T

GM: Don Williams

DIPLOMACY

Showcase Season

GM ERRORS CAUSE EUROPEAN CRISIS... SEASONS SEPERATED BY REQUEST AND
THEREAT NECESSITY... TWO PLAYERS GIVE GM A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE--THEY'RE
CONFIDENT HE'LL SCREW UP AGAIN...

Rather than go through the several (5) errors I made last season
piecemeal, let me instead run the season over and notate the corrected
items.

1985-T	THE PLAYERS	UNDER WESTERN EYES
AUS Terry Tallman(?)	7239 Sand Point Way NE #308, Seattle, WA 98115	
ENG John Crow	13750 Mahan Rd., Apt #1178, Dallas, TX 75240	
FRA Henry Nichols*	100 Parkwood, Redlands, CA 92373	
GER George Graessle	800 West Ave., Apt #420, Miami Beach, FL 33139	
ITA Steve Langley	2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento, CA 95825	
RUS Kathy Byrne	29-10 164th Street, Flushing, NY 11358	
TUR Melinda Holley	P. O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727	
SGM "Mud" Williams	1325 E Citrus Ave., Apt # 2-C, Redlands, CA 92374	

1985-T	AUTUMN 1903	UNDER WESTERN EYES
ITALIAN RETREAT. Army vienna-R-TYROLIA**		

1985-T	WINTER 1903	UNDER WESTERN EYES
AUS [1] Terry	NMR. GM removes AUS Army bohemia per Rule XIV, 4. Has: A VIE.***	
ENG [3] John	Builds F LPL. Has: F LPL, F LON, F NWG.****	
FRA [5] Henry	No Change. Has: A BUR, A PAR, A PIC, F GOL, F ENG.*****	
GER [5] George	Builds F KIE. Has: A BEL, A MUN, A RUH, F HOL, F KIE.	
ITA [6] Steve	Builds F NAP. Has: A ALB, A BUD, A TYA, F ION, F NAP F TYN.*****	
RUS [8] Kathy	Builds A SEV. Has: A FIN, A GAL, A RIM, A SEV, A UKR, F BAR, F NTH, F NWY.	
TUR [6] Melinda	Builds F CON, F SMY. Has: A BUL, A SER, F AEG, F CON, F GRE, F SMY.	

* Please note COA for Henry, effective immediately.

** Text was correct, map was incorrect.

*** Map was correct, text was incorrect.

**** Text was correct, map was incorrect.

***** Text was correct, map was incorrect.

***** Text and map incorrect.
Would Mark Howorth please submit orders for the Austrian position?
Mark Howorth: 2415 College Avenue, #30, Berkeley, CA 94704.

ZAT for Spring 1904 is May 31, 1986. Orders on file for F/G/I/R/T.
(England called to give orders and was told of the seperation, hence no
NMR.)

PRESS FOR 1985-T

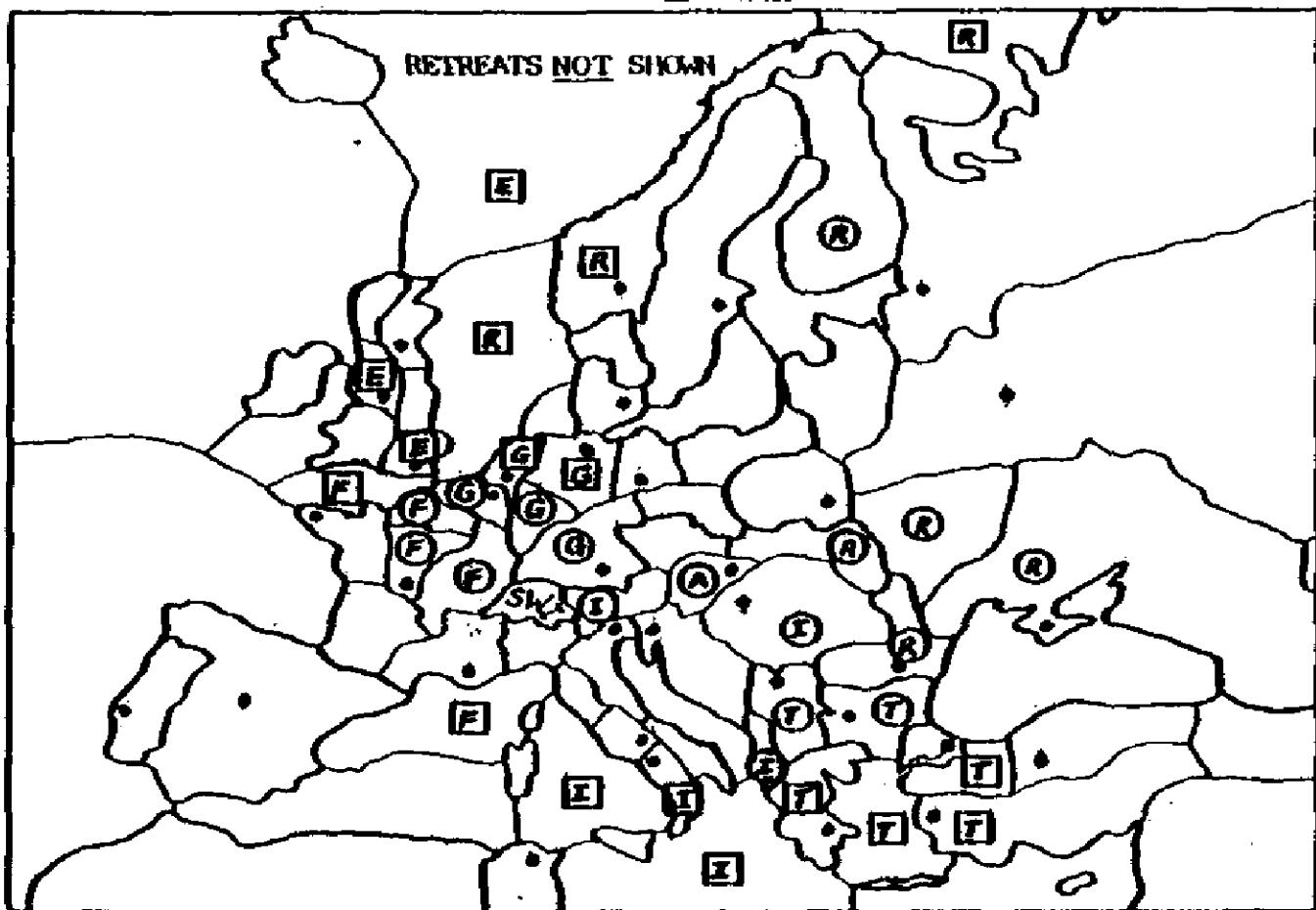
GM-->GAME: Before I forget, map is on the next page.

RUSSIA-->GM: Boy, did you butcher last turn, are you trying to make
Jerky look like an intelligent GM?

1985-T

MAP OF WINTER 1903 CORRECTED

UNDER WESTERN EYES



GM-->RUSSIA: I expect at this point I'd make a cockroach look intelligent. (Sorry about that...)

ITALY-->GM: How did that Italian army get into Bohemia last season? Okay, I know, ignore your maps.

GM-->ITALY: And my adjudications, and the text, and. . .

RUSSIA--->ENGLAND: Stop whining. You knew when you signed up for this game that you had a bumbling idiot for a GM. You didn't really expect someone as simple as Slimebucket to say, "John, I don't have your moves", did you? Only a nice, normal GM with a brain would do that.

RUSSIA-->TURKEY: The ball's in your court!

ITALY-->ITALY: So long, guy, been nice knowing you.

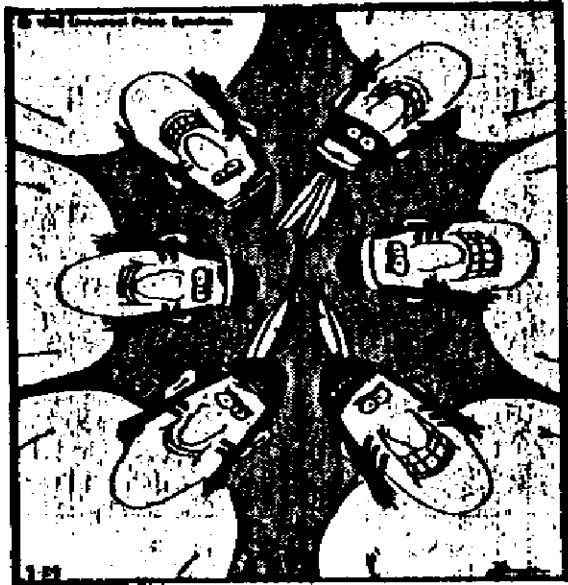
RUSSIA-->ITALY: Just because your ally turned out to be a total loser, don't expect me to turn on mine.

GM-->RUSSIA: It would be rather queer, so to speak, were you to turn on yours. Wouldn't you say?

RUSSIA-->AUSTRIA: You're giving manhood a bad name. How can Daf's "Hobby Sex Ghod" be such a loser? You're so pitiful, maybe Daf will replace you with Woody.

GM-->BYRNE: What is this hobby coming to?! Woody as the "Hobby Sex Ghod"? Hell, that would put Woody only one notch lower than me on Daf's toady pole--

RUSSIA-->SLIMEBUCKET: Don't worry, Woody can't replace you--even he
can't kiss ass the way you do!



CUSTER'S TALLMAN'S LAST VIEW...

RUSSIA-->AUSTRIA: To survive, or not to survive? Your actions, or even lack thereof, will determine your fate!

RUSSIA-->FRANCE: Now look what you've done, you got Crow all nervous and made him head south for the summer! Talk about ass-backwards--is our GM rubbing off on everyone?

GM-->RUSSIA: I resent that: I'm very selective about who I rub off on.

RUSSIA-->JERKY: Oh shut up! Every time you open your mouth you stick both of your feet into it!

GM--KATHY: Uh, George didn't send press this time. He was rather irritated with me for screwing things up so badly (or well, as the case may be) last season. Can't say as I blame him much at this point, especially if you come west.

after what Langley said last month. I mean, hey, if you guys want--

RUSSIA-->ITALY: Did you have to tell Slimebucket the truth!? You know how he takes everything personal and starts playing martyr-- "I'm the lousiest GM around" routine. Then we are supposed to feel sorry for him and feel guilty and stick up for the Bumbling Idiot. There isn't anybody that stupid in this game--oh, wait--where's George? George, oh George, where are you Jerky?

GM-->ITALY: See? It worked. And I don't even have to give up the game.

ITALY-->GM: Just because this is the worst game I've ever been in doesn't mean it would improve by being moved to a new GM. Some things are beyond the 'Quick-Fix' state, Don.

GM-->ITALY: Thanks. With friendly votes of confidence like that, who needs George?

RUSSIA-->ITALY: Remember what Jerky's Grandpa always used to say--
"You get what you pay for and in Jerky's case, and Slimebucket's
Gming, that ain't worth 2¢!"

GM=>BUSSTA: Ditto the above.

LUCKY LINDY-->PRESIDENT BYRNE: Spent much time in Alaska lately?

GM--LOVELY LADY: I see you've got our number here--none of the other press makes much sense either. (Glad you decided to join us!)

RUSSIA-->JERKY: I would love to know what your neighbors are up to.

LINDY-->MELINDA: I see Woody wants to stay with you at MaryCon. No wonder you're not going....

CM-->INDY: Now that makes sense

BYRNE-->WILLIAMS: Who lit a fire under your BoSox?! They actually look like major leaguers this year. (By the way, thanks for Ojeda--we needed him.) // Yeah, good trade. I dunno what got into the Red Sox--maybe they got tired of losing?//

FIAT BELLIUM

[6]

LORD JIM

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

ZAT: May 31, 1986

"Lord Jim"

NEXT SEASON: W'03/Spring 1904

GM: Don Williams

GAME ID: 1985-CJ

DIPLOMACY

Why, Oh, Why Do I Love Paris?

AS BRITS STORM INTO PARIS UNOPPOSED, ROYAL NAVY AND FRENCH RAIDER BATTLE TO A STANDSTILL OFF THE COAST OF BEATTLEPOOL--BYE WOODY!!!... THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE CONTINUES TO ROLL... FEISTY ITALIANS HOLD FAST IN PORTUGAL AS AUSTRIAN INVADERS ARE DRIVEN OFF THE 'BOOT' AND INTO THE SEA... RUSSIANS 'HOLD' THEIR OWN THIS YEAR, WHILE THE SULTAN DOES A DANCE OF DEATH ON AUSTRIA'S DIME...

1985-CJ THE PLAYERS LORD JIM

AUS	Mike Mazzer	1900 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025.
ENG	Marshall Linder	RD #3 Box 218 Cannichael Rd., Owego, NY 13827.
FRA	Steve Aramwoodian	602 Henlock Cr., Lansdale, PA 19446.
GER	Melinda Holley	P.O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727.
ITA	Bob Slossar	14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington, CT 06484.
RUS	John Crow	13750 Maham Rd., Apt #1178, Dallas, TX 75240.
TUR	Mark Howorth	2415 College Ave. #30, Berkeley, CA 94704.
SGM	Don Williams	1325 E. Citrus Ave. #2-C, Redlands, CA 92374.

1985-CJ SUMMER 1903 LORD JIM

TURKEY retreats A ser--TRI,

1985-CJ FALL 1903 LORD JIM

AUS[4]	Mike	A SER unclogs its nostrils at Woody(H), A BUD S A SER, F ION-nap, A apu S F ION-nap(d;anh1).
ENG[5]	Marshall	F MAO S [GER] A SPA-por, F ENG S F MAO, F rwy-STP(nc), A bre-PAR, F IRI-1pl.
FRA[1]	Woody	F NAO-1pl.
GER[7]	Melinda	A mun-TYA, A BOH S A mun-TYA, A pic-BUR, A pru-LVN, F BAL S A pru-LVN, A SPA-por, F FIN S [ENG] F rwy-STP(nc).
ITA[6]	Bob	A rom-APU, A VEN S A rom-APU, F NAP S A rom-APU, F POR-spa(sc), F WES S F POR-spa(sc), A TUN H.
RUS[4]	John	A WAR H, F RUM H, A UKR S A WAR, F stp(sc) H(d;r Bot,OTB).
TUR[5]	Mark	A TRI-ser, A BUL S A TRI-ser, F GRE H, F EAS-ion, F BLK-aeg(imp).

1985-CJ SUPPLY CENTER CHART FOR WINTER 1903 LORD JIM

AUS [3]	BUD,VIE,SER, gtf,tbf	-1; Even
ENG [7]	HOME,NWY,BRE, PAR,STP	+2; Build 2
FRA [0]	pat	-1; Out
GER [8]	HOME,DEN,HOL,MAR,SWE, SPA	+1; Build 1
ITA [5]	HOME,TUN,POR, spa,ttf	-1; Remove 1
RUS [4]	MOS,WAR,SEV,RUM, stp	+0; Even or Build 1*
TUR [6]	HOME,BUL,GRE,TRI, bet	+1; Build 1
NEU [1]	BEL, pat	-1; N/A

ZAT for Winter 1903 and Spring 1904 is May 31, 1986. If I have by chance made any errors in this adjudication, please advise me immediately... I really messed up "Under Western Eyes" last month and it might be contagious. Map and such press as there is, next page.

FIAT BELLUM

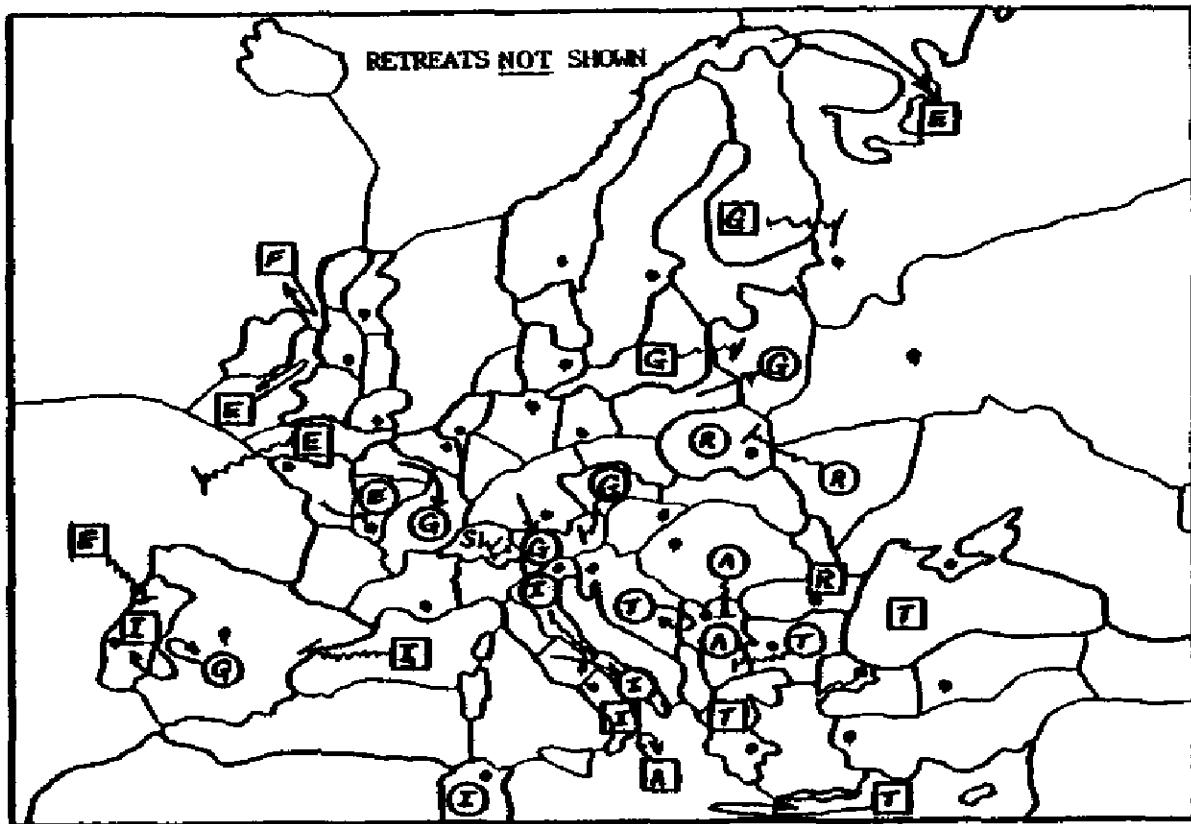
{7}

LORD JIM

1985-CJ

MAP OF FALL 1903

LORD JIM



AUSTRIA to GM: Like the strategy so far? I've got Russia and Turkey right where I want them!

GM to AUSTRIA: You've been around Woody too long. Or something.

AUSTRIA to GERMANY: Hey Melinda, sweetie! How's it going?

GM to AUSTRIA: You know, as your GM I think you are taking this game entirely too seriously.

CONSTANTINOPLE: Yes, it was panic time again for our hero, Ambassador Bron Noz. His troubles came from his slight gaffe. He thought back to that final night of the summit in Switzerland, remembering sadly that he had been more than a little drunk. That's when he had stood up and proposed a toast, "...To the memory of the Honorable Frog Prince Arnawoodian, who is now residing in exile in Reyjavik." Bron Noz shuddered at the thought of the sickeningly silent dining room. How should he have known that any mention of the Frog Prince was instant social death? But did this, he questioned hysterically, really explain why all of the other diplomats had ignored him for months? And then there was the problem that the photos of renegade Turkish soldiers sunning themselves along the Sava River had caused, especially when those photos were compared to those of Belgrade burning as a result of the Mad Hungarian's "liberation" tactics. It was times like these which made Bron Noz think longingly of turning to a religious career.

AUSTRIA to R/T: Yes, Mahsters, yes... beat me some more, please! Oooh! That's so good!

TURKEY to MAD HUNGARIAN: You can run, but you can't hide.



does this action of hers constitute? I find it very easy to believe that Kathy is attempting to--in complete and utter disregard for established Federal law--force me out of the contest business in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. (She's also doing it to protect the Wichita Woe-monger from the punishment he deserves, but what else can one expect from a METS fan?)

I have decided, in good conscience--I, unlike either of these other two individuals, have a conscience--to take this matter to an arbitration board, and hereby ask that the following persons sit in judgement and hear this dispute:

Bob Olsen, of BOB'S OMBUDSMAN SERVICE--"Solomon-Like-Wisdom-While-U-Wait"
(And why not--Olsen's brain has been dead as long as Solomon's)

Peter J. Gaughan IV, PRESS JUDGE and Law West of the Hobby.

Daf Langley, GMS and Hobby-Member-In-Excellent-Standing. Also qualifies as Fairest-of-the Fair, and Most Likely To... (that's it, just 10.)

I think that, despite Olsen's presence, this, THE TOADY'S COURT, can ascertain and deliver and otherwise render a fair, just, and unbiased decision in my favor. I have not attempted to run the Wichita Woe-monger out of the hobby; he's been promising to leave for years, no? Tell me what that does to his credibility? I have not welched on past contests, and will not let this issue rest until my name has been cleared, the charges dropped, and appropriate apologies made. I am also considering seeking damages I have sustained as a result of this attempted contest-running monopoly conspiracy. Stay tuned for further developments.

\$

THE TOMMY AWARD: The highly coveted 'TOMMY AWARD', the award given out to winners of FINAL CONFLICT (2nd Edition, Revised version), has been bestowed to Bob "IRON FIST" Olsen, for his win in the recent "LEVIATHAN" game. The 'TOMMY', which gets its name from both Tom Swider (the designer of all 63 editions of FINAL CONFLICT) and Thomas Hobbes (the author who wrote the book Leviathan, after which the game was named) is a finely crafted and skillfully worked trophy, and should be on display at Mr. Olsen's residence in time for this summer's PUDGECON IV. I should mention here that, because the 'TOMMY' is only given out to winners of the 2nd edition of FINAL CONFLICT, a version no longer played by anybody, Mr. Olsen is stuck with it in perpetuity, ad nauseam. (You're welcome, Iron Fist. Thank Crow.)

\$

THE BURN WARD: The FB standby list. Are you a patient? Shouldn't you be? Come on, THE BURN WARD is the in place to be, especially if you just love to "Olsen-out". You know, take a standby country and run it absolutely and miserably into the ground. Well, here's your chance to emulate the great Bob "Iron Fist" Olsen. These people just can't wait! Makr Howorth, Ron Spitzer, Hank Nichols, Daf Langley, John Crow, Mike Mazzer (but only if Olsen's in the game), Mark Fassio, and Dan Stafford. Please join, as this list is actually pretty incestuous. Lindy? Steve C? Those called on to "Olsen-out" also get one free issue of MAGUS, courtesy of Steve and Daf.

\$

TAKE MY KNIFE... PLEASE! DEPT:

What can I say? I'm in two games with Melinda "Low-profile" Holley. Do you know what it's like to be in a game with Hobby Holley? It's

like being intimately involved with a threshing machine... it's like writing letters to a computer... it's like playing hamster to Woody... Actually, things aren't going too bad, and I'm--call me foolish--signed on for another game in Linda and Steve Courtemanche's subzine, HIGH INERTIA (which appears monthly in Melinda Holley's REBEL). I can say that now 'cause Lovely Lindy said the info will be public next ish. Hey, if you want a well-run game ~~Avoid the like the plague~~ why not sign in? Last I heard, they had three openings. (Melinda Holley and other duck hunters need not apply.)

\$

DUCK PEOPLE:



Written on back: "Soc, having great time. Wish you were here. The tour of the Factory Outlet shoes was just phenom--; nothing in our size, though (triple G's are tough.) Here we are on the tour with Cousin Irving and his lovely wife, Anatidy (you remember her from Euryptides wedding!) Love XXX, Aunt //indecipherable scawl// and Uncle Copernicus. Thanks, John Crow, for continuing to feed my dementia.

By the way, while we're on the subject of ducks, be sure to see the forthcoming full length feature film, Howard the Duck. Howard has been in and out of the court system lately--something about his creator's artistic control--but has recently returned in his comic book and now is headed for matinee stardom. Remember, you heard it here first!

\$

DEAR AUNT DIPPY DEPARTMENT: Have you a hobby-related personal problem? Better, a hobby-unrelated sexual problem? Any skeletons in that family or clique closet? Then write to AUNT DIPPY for her insight. All confidentiality will be observed, so feel free to ask about what troubles you. //Editor's Note: This is for real. If you're not getting the attention you deserve in KK, then AUNT DIPPY is your kind of girl. Send in those questions. First installment, next month.//

FIFTY WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR CAPTOR

Part the Eleventh

[What has gone before: Simon the Hunchback and Socrates the Duck were being held by AMAL terrorists, when, after a not-quite-on-the-level game of five card stud, the two eluded their captors and bolted into the freedom afforded by the back streets of war-torn, downtown Lebanon. While racing blindly through the alleys, the two run into a tall, dark, and not too silent stranger. We now rejoin the story already in progress.]

"You're what?" asked Socrates eyeing the malevolent-looking stranger suspiciously.

"Flat Evil," snarled the foreboding figure.

"You certainly look the part," said Simon, nodding agreeably.

"That's a 'who', not a 'what,'" snarled Flat. "Now, like I said before, I'm looking for the duck who owns this feather. You Socrates the duck?"

"Yeah, pal. You got a problem with it? 'Cause if you don't me an' my--" he gave Simon a quick glance "--buddy here are in a hurry. Ol' Abdul and his pals oughta be here right about--" His words were drowned out in the roar of automatic gun fire as Abdul and the AMAL militia rounded the corner and opened up.

"Let's move it!" screamed Simon as he took off down the back alley.

"Lead, follow, or get out of the way!" said Socrates, right behind him.

"Pantywa--" snarled Flat Evil as he coolly pulled his weapon from his trenchcoat. In the small back street the terrorist weapons produced a deafening roar as they spat forth their lethal projectiles, and Evil's own weapon soon joined the din.

"Squirt! Squirt! Squirt! Take that, you dogs!" he snarled. "Squirt! Squirt! Squ-ittz! Squitz! Spritz! Spritz... " The AMAL, temporarily pinned down by deadly aim of Flat Evil, recognized the sound and immediately renewed the attack.

"He ees--how you say?--out of the amoi!" yelled Abdul. "Let's keel heen!" But Evil was gone. Rounding the first corner at a run, he spied the distinctive bobbing nob of Simon's hunchback down the end of the alley. With the sound of terrorist gun fire at his back coming closer he followed Simon's diminutive form.

"Why are you doing that?" he snarled. For a moment the narrator of the story was taken aback, then--

"You talking to me?" said the narrator.

"Yeah, you," snarled Evil. "You're writing this as an omniscient third person."

"So?"

"So, I always go into my stories in the first person singular."

"The other characters don't seem to mind."

"They're not Flat Evil."

"They're not getting shot at either," said the narrator as a spate of bullets ricocheted off the stone under Flat Evil's feet.

"Smart guy, ain't ya?" snarled the still running Evil. "We'll talk again later when I'm not so busy."

"I'll be here," said the narrator menacingly.

"Speaking of which, how did I get here? Last place I remember being was in the Archives of the Secret Masters of Diplomacy, trying to decipher a code and figure a way out--Gina! What happened to Gina and the casabas? I don't know who you are--" snarled Flat Evil, "but if you don't put me back into first person singular, I'll--"

"You'll what?" said the narrator. "I've got a good mind to trip you right here in the middle of your escape. Or maybe you'd like to stop snarling and start lisping?"

"We'll talk" said Evil. "In the meantime, how about having me catch up with those two characters you've got me involved with... and maybe develope some kind of cohesive storyline, if you can manage it."

"I'm working on it," said the narrator. "Now, go around the next corner and you'll be alright."

At the next corner he turned right--and into the center of a major intersection--

"Huh?" he snarled. Simon and Socrates were standing square in the middle of the intersection.

"Nice ta see ya again, pal," said Socrates, "gives me a chance to say goodbye."

"What are you talking about, duck?"

"Look around, Flat, whatta ya see?"

The tall, dark and mystified Evil looked around. Pouring forth from the alley behind him came the AMAL militia. Ahead of him, camouflage-clad soldiers had set up a fire-line across the street.

"Who are they?" snarled Evil.

"They," muttered Simon, "are forces of the South African Apartheid Command... they're the General's troops. Oh, I'll bet he's not too happy these days, I--" Flat Evil looked in askance at the duck.

"It's his old boss, pal..." Socrates shrugged. "But, that ain't all--look."

To the right, a large group of black uniformed men were making their way through the quickly gathering crowd of onlookers, their red and white armbands marking them quickly as--

"Continuity Police. I've run into em before, pal. Nasty business." Socrates nodded emphatically as if to emphasize his point. "And as for over there," he pointed with a feathered wing, "we were hoping you'd know something about them."

Flat Evil squinted. A large group of women was making its way toward the intersection from the left. A large group of beautiful and angry women.

"The charm's worn off," snarled Evil. "It'll take me hours to get them all back in line."

"You know them all?" said Simon, astounded. "Who are they?"

"They're all the girls I've ever loved." Simon and Socrates exchanged a glance as Evil shrugged menacingly. "One of the tricks of the trade. It's the old Flat Evil charm. Drives women wild."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," said Socrates, "I read it on yer business card."

"No rest for the wicked, eh?" winked Simon as he gave Flat a knowing nudge in the hip with his elbow. As the three talked, the ring of terrorists, soldiers, police and angry women began to surge forward.

"This is it, pals, every duck for himself--"

"Hold on," snarled Evil, "I've got a plan..."

\$

Stay tuned for the next exciting installment of Simon and the General, when Flat Evil, Socrates and Simon find themselves... hey, see you next time.

RETURN TO "LEVIATHAN" DEPARTMENT:

So as to quiet the moaning and whining of the Wichita Woe-monger, I have decided to make public the final statistics (i.e., the SC count) for the recently completed FINAL CONFLICT game.

1982-Ngf-16 "Leviathan" FINAL CONFLICT (2nd Edition, Revised)

Fiat Bellum! (Williams)

	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>	<u>07</u>	<u>08</u>	<u>09</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>11</u>	
AUS:	6	8	9	11	11	11	12	11	8	8	8	Jim Grady(res W09) Daf Langley(sur F11)
BRA:	7	8	8	5	4	3	1	0	0	0	0	Tom Swider(out F08)
CHI:	6	5	3	1	*0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Dave Anderson(out F06)
PAL:	5	8	8	8	12	12	13	15	19	19	21	Greg Stewart(res F04) Bob Olsen(WIN F11)
RUS:	6	4	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	John Cholacek(drop S04) CD(out W05)
SAF:	5	5	5	6	7	9	12	13	12	12	12	John Crow(sur F11)
USA:	6	8	10	12	12	11	8	7	7	7	5	Mike Mazzer(sur F11)

CONGRATS ONCE AGAIN TO BOB OLSEN, AND THANKS TO ALL!

* China had no SC's, but was able to maintain one unit into 2006.

With 7 naked dots in 2011, 21 SC's comprised the needed majority to win.

And so it goes. As I was going through the last four years (or so) worth of MAGUS/fb's to get the SC count for the above, I couldn't help but stop and read a bit of what has gone into both MAGUS and FB in years gone by. It was kind of fun to remember what was going on in my life, and in the hobby, since 1982. Not that long ago, really, but I'd never thought of a Dipzine as a sort of miniature time capsule before. If you're a pubber, or even a subber, I urge you to take an hour or two some time and go back through the pages of your zine, or a favored zine. It may or may not help you remember a few things you've forgotten.

Things in Redlands are going fine. The weather is becoming warmer daily, but nights are remaining cool. Spring in southern California is my second favorite time of the year (after fall), and this year is no exception.

Hey, friends, this will do it for me for this month. See you in June!

Semper the Best,

\$
 PS to Steve Langley: I lied. PS to Daf: Don't hurt him. PS to Woody:
 Of course you are, I said so, didn't I? PS to Kathy Byrne: Ojeda's
 gay. PS to Bob "Iron Fist" Olsen: Did too! Did too! Did tool
 PS to George Graessle: If you're going to send that stuff through the
 mail, at least put a bag around it... PS to Melinda Bolley: A lot.
 PS to FAZ: Not much. PS to John Crow: See you next time?
 PS to LUCKY LINDY: Sure, but I want more next time.

Back again after a brief hiatus, it is ...

STRANGE DOINGS

brought to you with many a poor excuse by me, Mike Mazzer of 1900 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025. You can reach me at (213) 478-8152.

Daf, it's so good to have you with us again! I even forgive you for NMR'ing in Seraglio, though I suppose a true Dippy player would have taken the game map into OR with her. And a true Nixon Award Winner's first words on awaking from anaesthetic would be something like, "Did I get Berlin?" Nevertheless I am so glad that the future looks bright.

Kathy Byrne was out on the West Coast again last month and once again she snubbed me. Typical East Coast cheek! Let's see, who else hasn't visited me lately - Kathy, Olsen, Mark Berch, Bruce Linsey, Buddy Tretick, Woody (well thank goodness for some favors.)

By the way, Bob Olsen, that most visible of burnouts in the hobby firmament, has announced that he is not, repeat, not, leaving the hobby, resigning all of his games to become a boring, pontificating hobby Old Fart in the Mark Berch tradition, but is returning to active hobby duty doing whatever it is that Bob does to and for the Hobby. Heck, maybe he and I could get together in a game sometime. We could be allies and storm to victory!

Speaking of what Bob does, you may or may not know that in his non-Dip life, (such as it is), Bob is a consulting geologist involved in oil exploration in Kansas. Owing to the fact that West Texas crude is now under \$10 a barrel and the fact that there is no oil in Kansas (a fact that Bob has discovered after 20 or so years of exploration), Bob is hurting for work. So please, check your local want-ads for openings for pudgy geologists who write Golden Age press. I do so regularly. In fact, I even passed along to Bob an ad for geologists for the government of Argentina. I believe it has to do with exploring mine fields in the Malvinas.

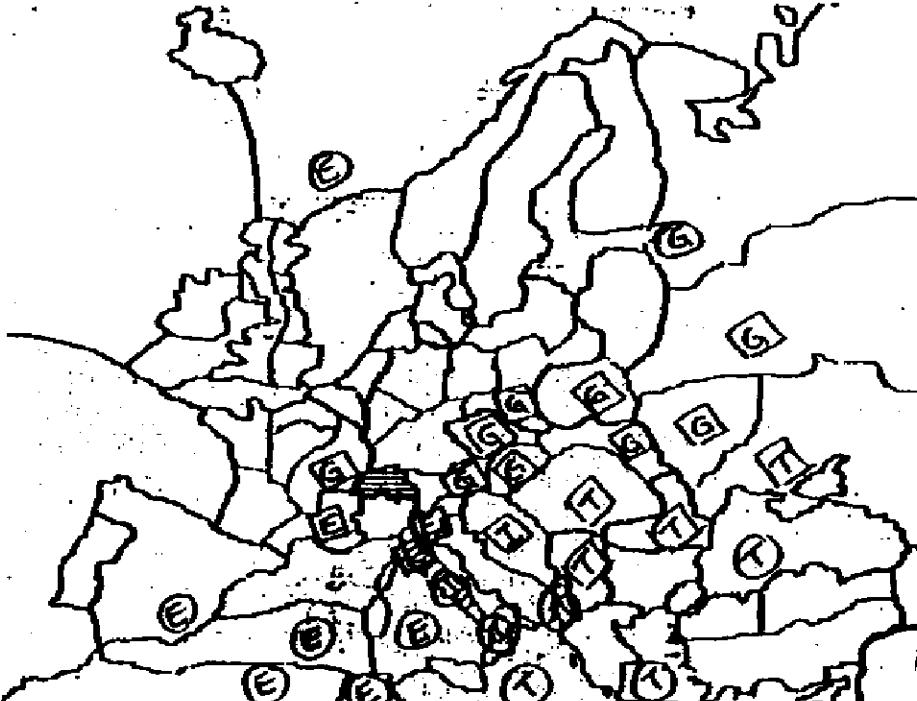
On to the games ...

1984 HM

PudgeCon III

Fall 2007

Late? Who's late? French and Russian garrisons meet their makers !!



Fall '07
Eng (Wall)

F Tyh-TUN (F WEB & F NAF 9), F Lyo-TYH,
A Pie-VEN (A TUS 8), A MAR H, F Hwy-NWS,
F Mag-SPA (6)

Fra (Peel)
Ber (Dzog)

NMR at Two h (Anth.)

Ita (Irwin-CD)
Rus (Luedi)
Tur (Saruso)

A-EVA-MOS, F-STIPES, H-A-BUR-H, A-MUN-BUR-N
NMR-¹-TET, H-¹-VOC, D-²-O, E-BOM, L-E-NOR, M

NMR A [TMS] H, δ von h (Anh.), F RUM & F NAM
A Pyrid-Pyri (Anh.)

E. ION. B. ENE. S. TUR. E. CER. S. E. ION. E. CER. S.

F I O N S Era A Tu

Ita A Tri, A Rum-BUD (A SER S), A Bul-RUM

(F BLA & A SEV B), A Ukr-Gal (Anh.)

Deadline: Winter '07/ Spring '08 due Friday May 16
Old Draw Proposals: EG fails 3-yes, 1-no; EBT fails 1 yes,
1-no

S-10:
New Draw Proposals: EG and EGT are reproposed. An EGIT draw is not allowed because Italy is now in Civil Disorder.

Notes: Italy is in Civil Disorder. Thanks to Ken Peel and Mark Luedt for their efforts.

Supply Centers:

~~Supply Center~~ Home Bell Nwv Sto Bce Sna Port HIN YEN MAR W 1/2000 23

Eng. Home, Set, Hwy., H.E.D., Brk, Spa, P.R., TAN, VEN, M.R.K.
Gen. Home, Den, Sua, Hol, Par, Mar, War, Via, SIP, MOS

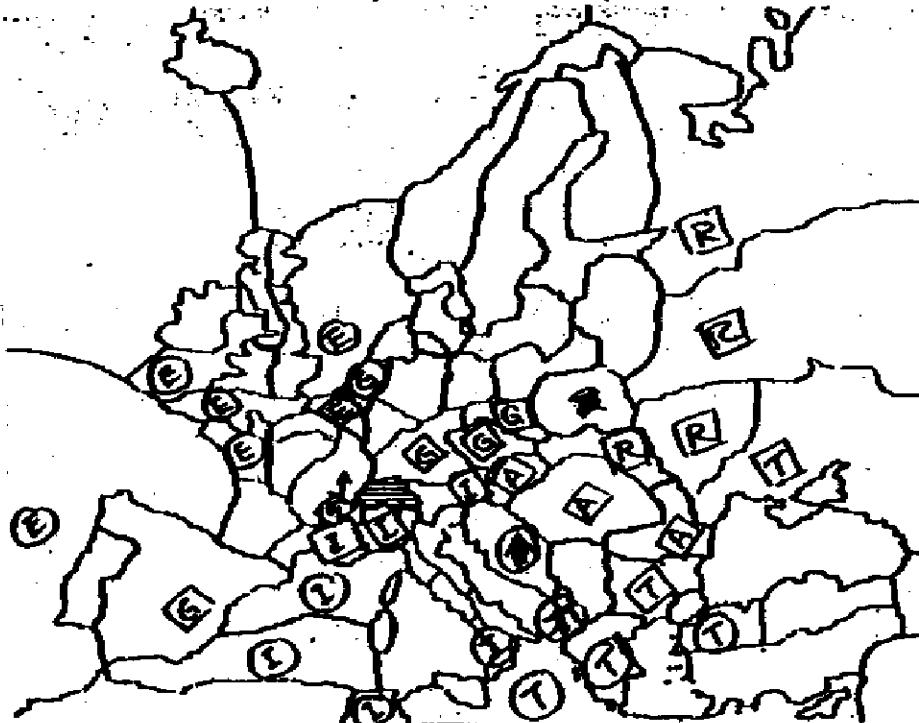
Ita: Bon Rap. Tel. 3 (IP-CP)

TO: Rom, Nap, WES (WES-CB)
TUE: Home Pub. Sec. Mac. Sec. Sec. Pub. PUD. R. (Putrid. 1)

**TOP: PERIOD, BUD, SEV, H
BUD and FERG 2000-01**

Process Name

1985 AX The Abduction from the Seraglio Fall '04
Scene ix: In which the Tsarina viciously attacks a sick
woman, and Princess Daf is, thank God, still here!!!



Aus (Daf)	NMR F TRI, A RUM, A BUD & A VIE U, A Ukr Anth.
Eng (Cathy)	F Nth-ENG, F Ska-NTH, E MAO-Wes, F Eng-BRE, E IRI-Maq, A BEL U
Ber (Melinda)	F HOL H, A BOH S Bus A Sil-Gal, A MUN S A Boh, A Bas-SPA (A Mar 8) (A Mar d/ r-Bur, DTB), A Ber-SIL
Ita (Laurie)	F Tyh-WES (F TUN S), F NAP H, A Spa-MAR (A PIE S), A TYO S AUS A VIE-Boh (NSO), F Tus-LYC
Rus (Kathy)	A STP S A Mos, A War-UKR (A MOS S), A Sil-BAL
Tur (Donny)	F Bul(s)-CON, E Tri-Alb (NSU), F ION H, (F BRE S), A SEV H, A Ser-BUL, F ALB U

Deadline: Winter '04/Spring '05 due Friday, 16 May

Notes: I talked to Daf this week, and she gave me some lame excuse about NMR'ing (something about brain surgery) but, quite seriously, I am delighted to tell you that she intends to continue as Princess Daf. Welcome back to the world, Daf!

COA: Don Williams -- 1325 E. Citrus Ave, #2-C
Redlands, CA 92374 (714) 793-6751
Daf Langley -- 208 Bryn Mawr S.E.
Albuquerque, NM 87106 (temporary)

Supply Centers and press follow on the next page. Oh, and I humbly apologize for missing a month. Two lame reasons, (1) I got into a work crunch, and (2) for a while my heart wasn't

In it, for obvious reasons. I promise it won't happen again.
Trust me!

Supply Centers for Winter '04:

Aus Home, Ser, Rum -- 5 (+1 but nowhere to build, one short)
Eng Home, Nwy, Den, Bel, BRE -- 7 (build 1)
Ger Home, Par, bre, Hol, SPA -- 6 (even or build 1)
Ita Home, Tun, Spa, Por, Mar -- 6 (remove 1)
Rus Stp, Mos, War, Swe -- 4 (even)
Tur Home, Bul, Gre, Srv -- 6 (even)

Press:

GM-Princess Daf: By the way, I hope saddling you with this position doesn't slow down your recovery.

Sultan - Favored One, Sweet Princess Daf: Since when does Mazzer rate a valentine? ((The same could be said about degenerate ducks.))

Russ - Ger: Instead of wasting hour time looking at women, pay attention to the way you write orders.

Ita - Ger: I could smell your lies and distrust and sense your greed -- you shall pay Toots. ((How much will she pay him?))

Ita - Ger: You fool 'th no one but thouself ((sic)). And you shall die a 1000 deaths.

***** BLACK PRESS SECTION *****

Pasha Don to English Queen: Cover your virgin eyes!

Pasha Don to Princess Daf: So nice of you to bend over and allow your Pasha entrance through the back door!

Bitch to Slimebucket: You expect me to fall for all this crap?

Pasha Don to my Italian Princess: So you sport a five o'clock shadow? I was wondering if you always insist on the lights being out. ((When she shaves?))

Pasha Don to Bitch: Your shadow scares me!

Pasha Don to Woody-Cloned Kaiserina: You're a scatoma upon the face of Europe, your Pasha will soon be in Munich to personally punish you.

Switzerland: UPI reported today that there is a shortage of hot dogs, bananas and cucumbers in Los Angeles. It appears the City of Angels ((Dodgers, please! Anaheim is the city of Angels)) is experiencing some strange sexual phenomenon. When one grocery store owner was asked to comment on the shortage he replied, "I like my carrots with cream on them!" Heh, Heh.

***** END BLACK PRESS SECTION *****

Rus - Germany: Daf's jealous of you -- Slimebucket makes Woody look good.

She-Elf to Italy: How come you won't let me in the West Med? All I want is some good wine. I guess I'll have to try France instead. ((I can get you a good deal on some inexpensive Italian table wines.))

Ita - Eng: I took a cold shower and came to my senses. ((Who with?))

Ita-Cathy: My Pasha tells me you are a "She-Elf" with green

pointed ears. Is that so?

Rus - Eng: Daf's jealous of you — you have a cute elf and she has a pitiful excuse for a man as an ally.

Rus - Ita: I see your old man, Jerky George, is rubbing off on you ((That's disgusting!! A respectable married man and his wife carrying on like that!!)). Supporting Daf, what's next? Nice press to Slimebucket? ((Speak of the devil ...))

Ita to Pasha Don: Forgive your Italian princess. I beg to return to your Harem, Oh Noble One. It was the wicked Kaiserina who put the spell on me, but, Sweet Pasha, you broke it. Many thanks.

Cathy - Kathy: Thanks for the lesson on how to deal with men. Being married to an elf makes it difficult for me.

Russ - Eng: Slimebucket is a real sweetheart, just ask the little old lady he begged the other night.

Ita - Daf: Your five o'clock shadow line in the press was by far the best line I've ever heard in the press.

Kathy to Daf: Listen, Mrs Nixon, if I was you I'd watch the cracks about my 5 o'clock shadow. By the way, did you accept the job as the bearded lady (I use the term loosely) in the circus.

Cupcake to Motor Mouth: Since you don't like my press here, check out Watergate — that I guarantee you'll hate. ((I hate everything about Watergate.))

She-Elf to Mazerman: You know I should drop from this game due to something you did, but at times I amaze myself at the goodness of my nature. ((You're far too good for me, Precious.))

Russ - Swithhead Slimebucket: I always dreamed of meeting a real man, then I met you. Compared to you, Murray (on Riptide) looks macho!

Russia to El Moldo: No one is jealous of you except Motor Mouth who has never had two women after him at the same time. So he had to settle for being raped by Woody and Pearson. ((Any port in a storm, as they say.))

Russ - Roach: I hope someone takes a Cuban heel and stomps you into the ground.

Russ - Aust: Last time I saw Steve, the holes were in his panty hose, not his sweat pants. ((So that's what happened to my panty hose!))

BM - Daf: If you've managed to read all of this, you can see how badly we miss you in the press. Please, try not to leave us again! Love and xxxxxxxxxxxx

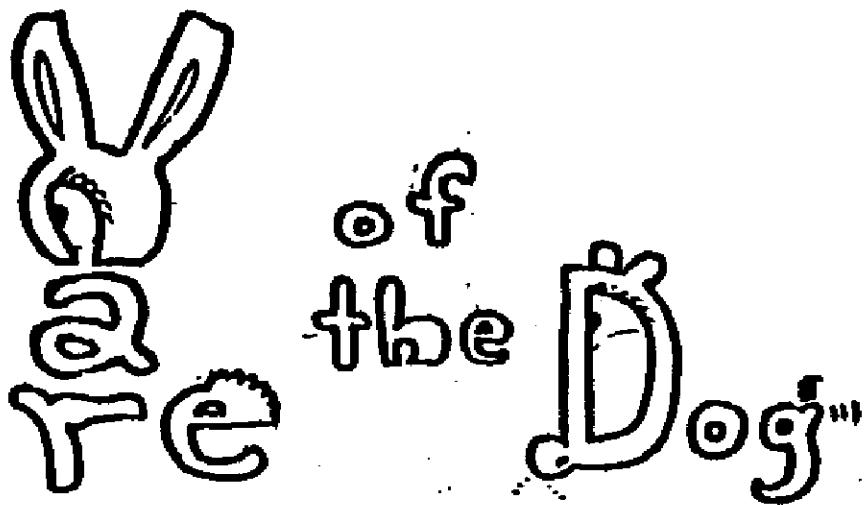
This is Hare of the Dog! This still is not Daf. The good news is that she will be back as of next installment, so you won't have to go cold turkey much longer.

She is still in Albuquerque but she will be home with me just about the time most of you are reading this. The slit they made in her side to get sub-cutaneous fat to pack her sinuses, in order to push closed the hole in her brain cover that the tumor made, developed complications. Trust Daf...she has a brain tumor operation and the biggest problem turns out to be a cut in her side. Anyway, thousands of gauze packings later, the thing is nearly healed shut and they are turning her loose to fly home.

In the mean time, her eyes are improving! They are still far from perfect, but not as far from perfect as they were just after the operation. Both eyes are showing improvement, and it will just be a matter of time until we can know just how much improvement there will be for sure. To put this in a perspective, she can see out of both eyes. The left eye has a bit of trouble tracking, and both eyes have small blind spots. The blind spots are getting smaller, and the left eye is still not tracking, but it is not tracking less than it was not tracking earlier. She may end up with corrective prism glasses. We don't know yet.

She is taking Bromocryptine (the spelling is all mine own) in an attempt to shrink the tumor down to zilch. There is a one in eight chance that the tumor is the kind that the medicine will effect. If it doesn't, then we have to look at possible radiation treatments. We are both a bit frightened at that prospect.

On a lighter note, our insurance carrier (Kaiser Permanente) has given us a pretty thorough runaround. None of the doctors have been paid a dime, and the situation is growing tense! Rather, it would be growing tense, except that I don't believe in that sort of hassle. Kaiser returned the claim form I sent them and told me they couldn't process it without all of the hospital bills. They had previously told me that I could send in the form and send in the bills when I got them. Before that, they told me to gather all the bills together and send them in all at once with the claim form. It all depends on with whom one speaks. Currently I have returned the claim with all the bills I had at the time and asked them to do the best they can under the circumstances. It may come down to going to court but I doubt it. They are, after all, liable to pay the bills per the contract of insurance. Jerking us around won't change that for them.



This page is a prime number, which is only fair.

Hot Dog I ...

WINTER '08

AUSTRIA	Pete Gaughan	3121 E. Park Row #165, Arlington, TX 76010
ENGLAND	John Huestis	4525 Cameron Rd., Shingle Springs, CA 95682
FRANCE	Mike Mazzer	1900 Kelton Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90025
GERMANY	Ken Hager	15434 Sherman Way #2-114, Van Nuys, CA 91406
ITALY	Jim Keeney	3124 N Street, Sacramento, CA 95816

Seasons separated by player request. Please note the new COA for Ken Hager.

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Autumn 1908

ENG A Mos R STP

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Winter 1908

AUS (Peter 11) builds F TRI; also has A BAL, A VIE, A BOH,
A TYA, A MOS, A UKR, A RUM, F NAF, F WEG, A SEV

ENG (John B) removes A Lvn, A Bre; retains F MID, F IRI,
A NWY, F NTH, F ENG, F PIC, F DEN, A STP

FRA (Mike 2) even; has F POR, A GAS

GER (Ken 6) builds F BER; also has A WAR, A BEL, A HOL,
A KIE, A MUN

ITA (Jim 7) builds F VEN, F NAP; also has A PIE, A MAR,
F SPA(sc), A RDM; is 1 short

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 ZAT for Spring 1909 is June 6, 1986.

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Press

FRANCE to A/I: Not particularly effective use of a puppet,
guys.

GM to FRANCE: They were both quite confused. You really
have to take that into account.

ITALY to AUSTRIA: Hi, I'm still confused.

AUSTRIA to ITALY: Confused? Hey, you want confused, look
over here. What am I supposed to do with all these allies??

GM to AUSTRIA: What did you do with your other two allies?

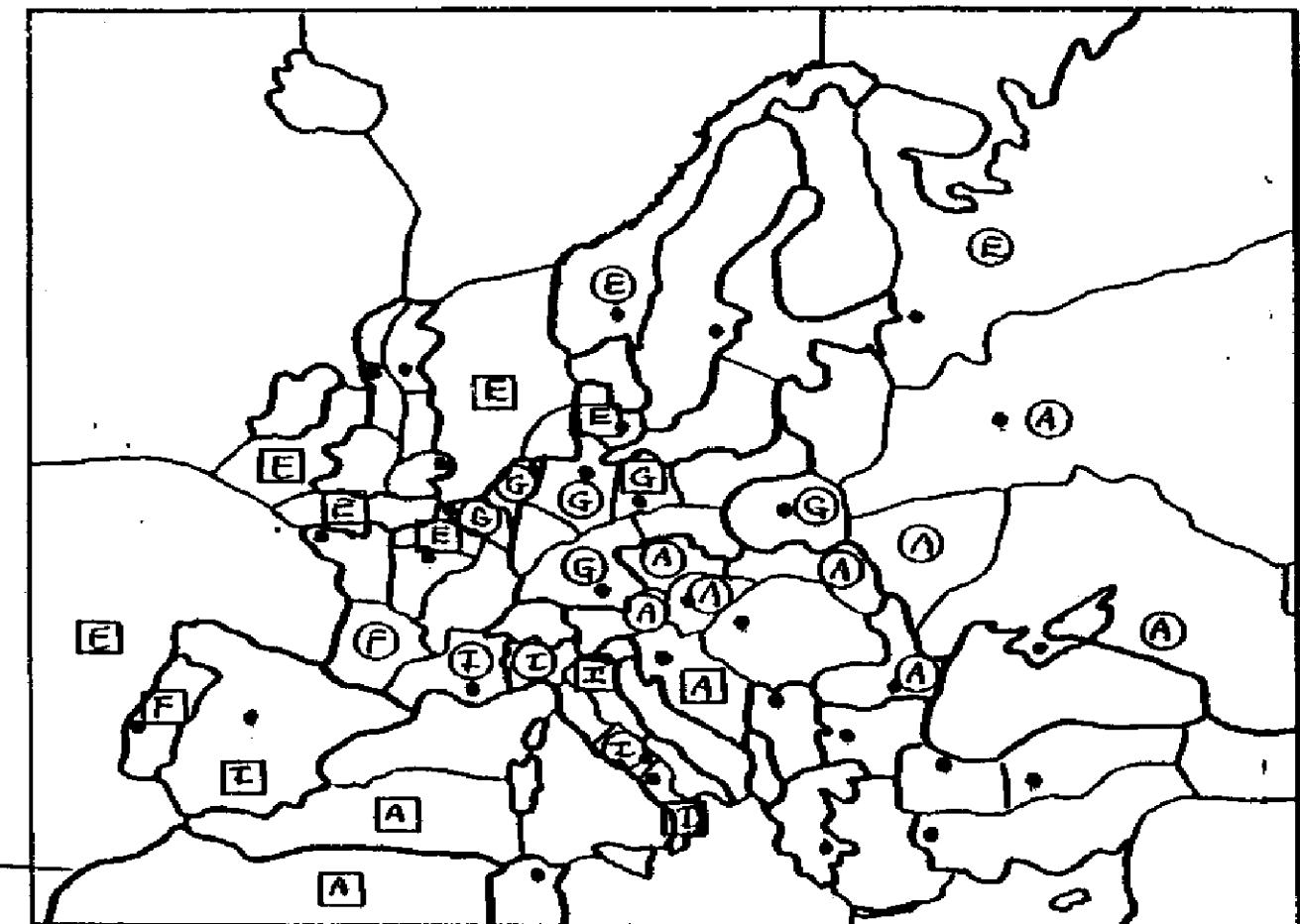
GOSSIP LOVER to BOARD: C'mon, you guys -- write press!!

AUSTRIA to GERMANY: Mucho obbligato (?) - anyway, thanks
for being so sensible about all this.

GM to AUSTRIA: Germany is your fifth ally in this game.
(And that's counting the Keeneys as a single ally.) To think
I'll tell you that later.

This page is a prime number, too. See how nice I am.

1984 CP Hot Dog 1 Map prior to Spring 1910.



AUSTRIA to GM: Happy Birthday, Sage. What is this, number 23? Or number 83?

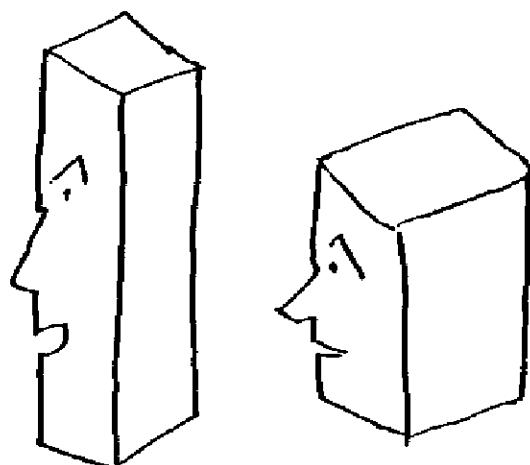
SAGE to WELL WISHER: Take the average and you won't be too far off. Take the average and subtract Don's IQ and you'll be even closer.

AUSTRIA to GMS: Cathy says if I don't take her to PudgeCon to meet you, I'm in deep kimchi. What should I do?

GMS to AUSTRIA: Either bring her to PudgeCon or get yourself some chop sticks.

GMS (via GM) to PETER: If you don't bring her to PudgeCon to meet me you will be in worse than deep kimchi. Trust me! And don't count on the chopsticks saving you, either!

GM to HOT DOG 1: Daf will be back with you next month. I know she has missed you, and I know she would appreciate a bit of press from each of you on her return. Yes, you too, Lindy. You are all welcome!



"Psssst! Separation of
Seasons until Daf
returns! Pass it on!"

This page would be a prime number except that it is 4!



AUS	Kathy Byrne	29-10 164th, Flushing, NY 11358
ENG	Dan McCooey	2 Rambling Brook Dr., Holmdel, NJ 07733
FRA	Russell Wood	535 W. Pico Ave., Clovis, CA 93612
GER	George Graessle	800 West Ave. Apt. 420, Miami Beach, FL 33139
ITA	Marc Peters	1814 Cameron Drive #3, Madison, WI 53711
RUS	Ken Hager	15434 Sherman Way #2-114, Van Nuys, CA 91406

Seasons separated by player request. Concession to England failed to pass. Please note the COA for both Dan McCooey and Ken Hager. Our thanks and this issue of MAGUS to Mike Pustilnik for unused standby orders. It turned out that Dan's copy of MAGUS 56 got disappeared by the post office, that's why he missed last month. He's back now.

1984 CQ Homerun Autumn 1907

RUS A Ser R QTB

1984 CQ Homerun Winter 1907

AUS (Kathy 7) builds A TRI; also has A GAL, F CON, A ANK, A SER, A BUD, A VIE
ENG (Dan 8) even; has F BRE, A BUR, A PAR, F BOT, F NWY, F MID, F ENB, F IRI
FRA (Russ 3) removes F Wes, A Naf; retains F POR, A MAR, F SPA(sc)
GER (George 6) builds A BER, F KIE; also has A MUN, F BAL, A DEN, A BEL
ITA (Marc 6) builds F NAP; also has F TUN, F ION, A VEN, F BUL(sc), A GRE
RUS (Ken 4) even; has A LVN, A SEV, A WAR, F RUM

1984 CQ Homerun ZAT for Spring 1908 is June 6, 1986.

1984 CQ Homerun Press:

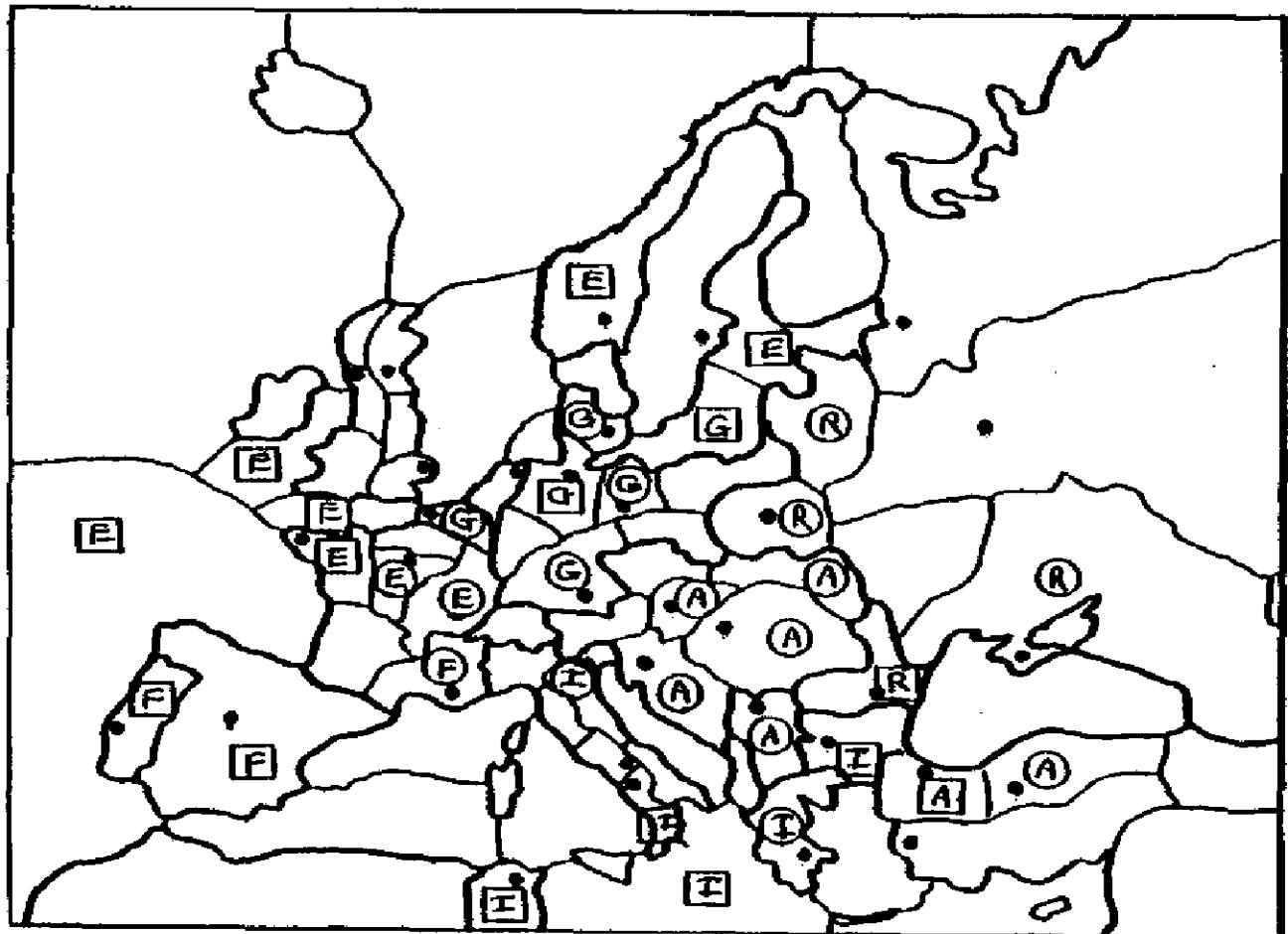
GERMANY to ENGLAND: Who ever you are or will be, please step forward and declare yourself. I hate playing blindly, hence the flicet build. I know not whether you're friend or foe.
LINDY to DAF: I think you can tell everyone misses you!
GERMANY to RUSSIA: My how things change around here. What's up?

GM to GERMANY: He moved again...as you say, things change.
AUSTRIA to GM & POPS: Don't blame Marc, "frustration" should be the name of this game.
GM to AUSTRIA: That does sound like a good game title.

This page is a prime number though, honest.

1984 CQ Homerun

Map prior to Spring something or other.



TOURIST to FRANCE: Please don't get too upset about what Italy said. Just do the best you can and let the critics babble on.

GM to TOURIST: No sooner said than done...enter the critic.

GEORGE to GAUGHAN: Stick to writing press for your own game and you GM, keep your nose out of commenting on his two-cents. Neither of you have dealt with France like Italy and I have. I have shared in Marc's frustration about illogical moves or lack thereof on France's behalf. This is a Diplomacy game, a game where just about anything goes. So if you look at Marc's statements and make the comment that they may be founded on truth, then blast him for writing them because "you doubt it will accomplish anything --- except possibly encouraging Russ to leave the hobby", what are you accomplishing? And I further ask what does it accomplish to "George is a jerk, George is a jerk", or call Don Williams a slimebucket, Kathy Byrne a bitch or Woody a hamster molester or say anything about anyone else? Press has no basic rhyme or reason. If Marc wants to vent frustration, so be it, you just did by your comment and Steve merely comments on everyone else's comments. Steve, you're a true commentator on comments. And regarding Russ, he is an intelligent attorney, I'm sure he doesn't lose sleep at night because of press written about him. In fact if anyone does get upset about press, then they probably should leave the hobby. This has been a Public Service announcement. Comments Steve?

This page is an honorary prime number, but it's still 6.

GM to GEORGE: If I've got this straight, it is not all right for Pete or me to comment on things that you agree with, but it is all right for you to comment on anything we say. Did I miss something in the translation? Obviously, I did not enjoy reading Marc's frustrated attack on Russ's playing style. Obviously, neither did Pete. You seem to be a tad bit upset that either of us should say so, since we don't have the inside knowledge of the game. What it all comes down to is that I printed Marc's diatribe, Pete's response, and now your rejoinder (this had better stop soon, I am running out nouns) because I don't censor the press. If I did, none of it would have been printed. I don't feel that you have any more right or justification to tell Pete (or me) what he can or can not comment upon than I have to refuse to print Marc's press. As for what abusive press accomplishes (the "George is a Jerk" sort of abusive press...not the diatribe), it causes some people. I happen to be one of them. I thought you were too.

GEORGE to GM: My usual frame of mind is lacking somewhat these days. Too much work and no play makes George a dull boy, hence lack of interesting press on my behalf. Plus I get tired of calling Kathy names, and making fun of deadbeat press writers like F/I/R. What's a guy to do?

GM to GEORGE: Let Kathy do it all I guess.

AUSTRIA to JERKY GEORGE: If I have to write all the press in this game, you're in BIG TROUBLE! I abuse deadwood, especially Jerky deadwood. Get my drift, oh stupid one.

GM to AUSTRIA: I wouldn't let you do it all alone. Tell us about George's ally now.

AUSTRIA to JERKY GEORGE: You have an ally that is really funny! I didn't know we had anyone brain damaged enough in this game to ally with the jerk who makes Glime bucket look intelligent & Hoody look normal.

GM to AUSTRIA: Now, why don't you rub it in that I made a mistake in last month's press about George playing short.

AUSTRIA to GM: Don't worry about George playing short, he's used to it - he's been short on marbles all his life!

GM to AUSTRIA: Now tell us about Marc's hair lightener.

AUSTRIA to ITALY: I see the vinegar worked...

GM to AUSTRIA: Now a shot about my forgetting Ken's COA two months ago.

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: Better late than never!

GM to AUSTRIA: Now, tease France about his illogical play.

AUSTRIA to FRANCE: Why do I just know that I don't want to see your removals.

GM to AUSTRIA: Now, be nice to Dan so he'll send us more cartoons.

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: Dopean NMing. That is like Superman getting caught with his tights down.

GM to AUSTRIA: I can see that we will have to work on nice. How about a quick bit of reparte with the Popcorn Vender?

AUSTRIA to POPCORN VENDER: Must we do it in butter sauce, I was just getting used to the Chicken & Stars!

POPCORN VENDER to AUSTRIA: When Dan told me about you and him in the Chicken & Stars, I thought he was just bragging.

GM to AUSTRIA: Okay, one last try. Say something nice about my GMing. Now, remember, nice.

AUSTRIA to GM: Daf never makes mistakes, so I won't tell her about yours. I wouldn't want her to think we missed her, but huy, it's true - we did!

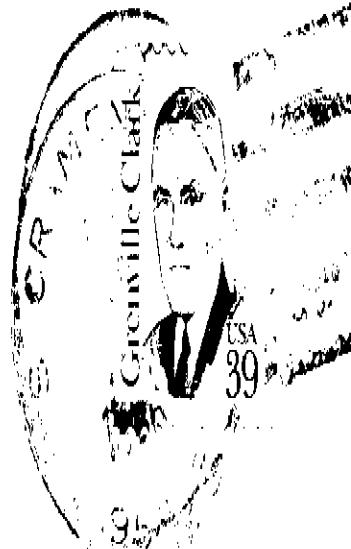
GM to AUSTRIA: It wasn't about my GMing, but you seem to have figured out nice. Ten bad we are at the end of the press.

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May 14, 1986



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